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FREDERICK
EVANS D.D.
A MEMORIAL

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FREDERICK EVANS, D. D.

(EDNYFED)

A Memorial

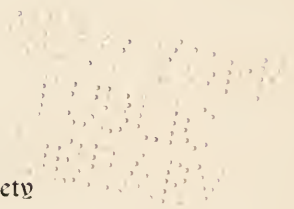
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EDITED BY
B. D. THOMAS, D. D.

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Reminiscences
OF THE
Rev. Frederick Evans, D. D.
BY
FRIENDS AND ADMIRERS
AND
Lovingly Dedicated
TO HIS
Widow and Children

*“There is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song ;
there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn
even from the charms of the living. These we would
not exchange for the song of pleasure or the bursts of
revelry.”*

—Washington Irving

INTRODUCTORY

WE have no apology to offer for this Memorial. It does not address itself to an unsympathetic multitude. It is the loving response of a few appreciative friends to a desire which was freely expressed and which is felt to be well considered. It has been prepared by loving hands to aid loving hearts in keeping the memory of a loved one perennially green. The chaplet which has thus been woven for the honored brow of him who will henceforth live only in memory, we must leave to speak for itself. However it may lack in artistic perfectness, it has in it the fragrance of sincerity. The hands that helped in the weaving were as warm and skillful as hearts throbbing with sympathy could make them. Literary excellence was not the aim in view, but we shall not be sorry if it has involuntarily discovered itself in our contributions.

We have not been ambitious to achieve fame for ourselves, but if we are deserving of honorable mention for having given the good name of our friend a setting that will survive the ravages of time,

we shall be grateful. The statue which we have reared is his alone, but if by the excellence of the workmanship we have succeeded in commanding the gratitude of those who loved him and the generous verdict of posterity, we shall felicitate ourselves in the achievement. If it can be honestly said that the portraiture we have conjointly executed is true to the life, it will be abundant recompense for the labor bestowed ; but if it can be added that it is also a work of art worthy of a humble but honorable place in the archives of our times, we shall be all the more sensible of a remunerative satisfaction. Suffice it to say that we have done our best to honor the memory of our departed friend, and to win the approving judgment of those on both sides of the Atlantic to whom his living presence was endeared.

B. D. THOMAS,
In behalf of the Contributors.

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I

THE LAND OF HIS BIRTH

Thou Eden of bards and birthplace of song,
The sons of thy mountains are valiant and strong;
The voice of thy streamlets is soft to the ear,
Thy hills and thy valleys how dear.

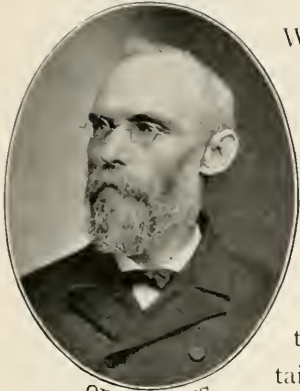
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A MOUNTAIN STREAM IN WALES.

I



OWEN JAMES

WALES is a cluster of mountains situated between England and the Irish Sea. It is separated from the mountains to the north by the Dee, and from the mountains to the south by the Severn. The mountains and the sea have given

the country its separate existence, its history, and the character of its population. They served as a strong wall of defense on the one hand, while on the other their rough wildness made the country hardly worth attacking. Wales was thus isolated from the rest of Britain and the outside world. In its isolation it maintained its own life, language, and literature, its domestic and social manners and customs, and its religious spirit, forms, and methods.

The mountainous soil was poor. Subsistence was plain and obtained by arduous and continuous

toil. This developed hard and tough physiques, and industrious, frugal, and simple habits.

Their isolation gave the people a sense of security, which developed an independent spirit and awakened a delight in free and unrestrained activity that grew at length into an ardent love of liberty and a sacred regard for human rights.

The mountains and the sea have always had a marvelous effect on the spirits of men. The sea, by its wide, limitless, mysterious expanse, awakens curiosity and suggests the boundless beyond ; by its restlessness, challenges daring and tempts to adventure ; by its roughness, cultivates courage, fortitude, and hardihood. The Phœnicians of insular Tyre, and the Hellenes of seagirt Greece, were the explorers, carriers, and colonizers of the ancient world.

Mountains tend to break the monotony of life and to deliver from the thraldom of the dull and repressive evenness of the wide plain. They arouse aspiration, suggest climbing, and hint at the overcoming of difficulties by a patient, plodding ascent, step by step, from height to height. When once on top, one is thrilled with a sense of mastery as he views the wide, varied expanse at his feet, and is, at the same time, overwhelmed by the sentiment

of sublimity that is stirred by the height, the

A MOUNTAIN SCENE IN WALES



strength, the stability, and the solitude of the

grand scenery. From such a spot a man carries with him an awful sense of the Eternal and the Infinite.

But you cannot have mountains without their counterpart in valleys and glens, quiet dales and sheltering nooks made resonant by the murmur of rippling brooks and the symphony of falling waters; made musical by the buzzing insects, the singing birds, the lowing cattle, the bleating sheep; made beautiful by the curves of winding hills, the hues and tints of grass and flower, and the light and shade of forest trees; made dear by the curling smoke ascending from human homes, by the gayety and the gloom, the lightness and the gravity, the comedy and the tragedy, of human life. The men who are given birth and growth between these mountains unconsciously become susceptible to the beautiful and sublime in thought and sound. Inevitably they become poetic and musical.

Again, there are times when the sky scowls; the black clouds veil crag and cliff in portentous gloom; the lightning and the thunder stun with dread as they flash and roar from heaven to earth; the gusty blasts whistle and howl as they sweep hill and vale from brow to foot; and the pelting, flooding rains descend in torrents that change

the charming brooklet into a deep, dark, swollen, sullen current that rushes on furiously, heedlessly, ceaselessly, and with a moan that fills the heart of man with terror and with a sense of weakness and helplessness. Wales has no more vivid image of death than such a stream. Storms like these blanch men's cheeks with their intimations of the majesty, the wrath, and the judgments of Jehovah.

But the mountains impede locomotion. The sphere of one's travel is necessarily narrow. The heart is entwined to some one spot. Locality becomes intense. Nothing else ever replaces it in one's affections. Hence, though the Welshman is adventurous and hardy, though he betake himself to the uttermost parts of the earth and there thrives, yet his love is never weaned from the home of his childhood. His fondest dreams by day and by night cluster around it. His longing for it is insatiable.

While the mountains separate the Welsh from the rest of the world, they also keep them from uniting among themselves. The people of Wales have never been a unit in organization and have never produced a national institution. Their one language presents a striking diversity both in vocabulary and grammatical structure. The country

has never had a capital. Even to-day, with modern railroad facilities, Wales has no center at which it can combine its educational institutions into one great school for the benefit of the whole country. Hence it is that Wales, though one in thought, one in language, in literature, and in race traits, is yet politically an integral part of England.

Independently of this environment, the people of Wales are peculiar. Celtic blood predominates in their veins. The Celts are strongly emotional, impulsive, warm-hearted. They are easily excited, quickly impressed, and ardently expressive. Will power is less marked. They have no remarkable genius for organization and are not notable for taking the initiative in any great cause. They have given the world some of its best impulses, but have not distinguished themselves for leadership.

They have a strong affinity for rhythm, a keen appreciation of a metrical arrangement of words and sounds. They have besides a special aptitude for the religious. They respond vividly to the unseen, the mysterious, the eternal. This side of their nature has been assiduously cultivated. From the days of the Druids until now their institutions of religion have thrived. Their isolation has emphasized this. Thrown back upon them-

selves, they knew but little of the literature of the world. To a great extent they were ignorant of history and science—physical, political, economic. The Welsh press for a long period limited its activity to theology and poetry. Their sources of entertainment and amusement were few and for the most part associated with the churches. Neither did industry, commerce, nor politics present outlets for the national energy. The religious side predominated over all. Hence the pulpit, which is the exponent and stimulator of religion, became the most potential and conspicuous factor in Welsh life. The pulpit occupied the central place in the thoughts, the affections, and the aspirations of the people. Forty years ago everybody in Wales attended preaching service and the Bible-school on the Sabbath Day. Around the hearth, when the family sat together; on the street, when neighbors walked in company; at the smithy and the shop, when friends gathered for an evening; in the field, in the mines, in the mill and the factory, when men worked and rested in groups, the conversation was more than likely to be of the preacher's arguments and appeal in his last sermon, the exposition of the Bible passage in the Sabbath-school, or it would grow into a hot dispute about

the ordinances and the five points of Calvinism. Thus were wits sharpened, speech developed, and inspiration furnished along biblical and homiletical lines. The man who loved the Lord and devoted himself to his service, the man who loved the people and dedicated himself to their uplifting, the man who craved publicity, power, and social recognition, and yielded himself to their attainment, all found in the pulpit their best fulcrum and strongest leverage. In this way the pulpit drew to itself the flower of the nation.

During the past fifty years Wales has undergone a great transformation. This has been a period of industrial, political, and educational revival. The country's wealth of coal and iron, of lead and stone, has been discovered and developed. Vast industries have been established. The iron rail and steam engine have opened the principality to the world. Hordes of strangers have mingled with the natives. The elective franchise has awakened civic interest and unfolded civic energy. The schoolhouse fills the city square and dots the country side. The schoolmaster is abroad in the land. University colleges offer tuition in the arts and sciences. Academic degrees have become a native product. The people speak the Saxon speech and read English

books. Their isolation and insulation are passing away. They are becoming exposed to the great world currents of thought and power.

Still the pulpit maintains supremacy and is yet the mightiest factor in the life of the people. And the characteristics of the Welsh preacher, though purified and polished by modern forces, are essentially unchanged. He loves and studies his Bible; gives a fresh and striking outline to his thoughts; has fondness and aptness for comparisons, figures of speech, quaint and picturesque illustrations; cultivates a style at once plain, pointed, practical; speaks with burning emotion yet with perfect self-mastery; develops a voice, in volume, in compass, in flexibility, capable of expressing every variety of thought, emotion, and appeal, and of touching and thrilling every string in the human spirit; and makes his application with courage and directness that know no compromise, with skill and penetration that know no defeat, and with courtesy, tenderness, and love that know no malice.

OWEN JAMES.

II

THE HOME IN LLANDYBIE

“The village, reposing peacefully between the hills, seems half asleep to the busy townsman who chances to pass by. The greater part of the small population are at work in the fields, only an occasional housewife on her way to or from the well, carrying the pitcher on her head, her hands meanwhile busily engaged in knitting; or an honest peasant taking a horse to the smithy to be shod; or a knot or two of children at play may as a rule be seen during the busy hours of the day; while only the distant low of the cattle on the neighboring pastures or the harmonious sounds from the village anvil break the stillness which reigns around. To one wearied out of all patience with the persistent and almost cruel din of city life there is something indescribably sweet and soothing in the whole scene.”

—“*Echoes From the Welsh Hills*”



WHERE HE WAS BORN.

II



LLANDYBIE is a large parish in the eastern division of Carmarthenshire, Wales, stretching from the Aman almost to the Towy, and taking in the upper part of Dyffryn Lluchwr, and the village of Llandybie is the parish village. When Doctor

Evans was born, the village was small, but on many accounts well known. Llandybie is a village with a history.

It is built on both sides of the turnpike road leading from Neath, Swansea, and Cwmaman to Llandilo, Llangadock, and Llandovery, and thence on to Llandrindod and the north, or to Brecon and London. The "Royal Mail" used to go and come regularly over this road through the little village, and the old home in which Doctor Evans was born, and where he spent his earliest and his last days, is on the roadside close by the old turnpike gate.

“Four roads meet at Llandybie,” as an old friend of mine used to say, “two leading in and two leading out, but it depends on the direction you go which lead in and which lead out.” On one side there are the roads from Ammanford and Penygroes, and on the other the roads from Llandilo and the Black Mountain, which make the village a convenient center to a large circle of country with farming and mining industries.

One of the first things I remember was the well-known riddle :

Ffordd ai di i Llandybie :
 Heb weyd iē,
 Dros yr hewl² . . .
 Neu dros y caie ?

And it was a task with us children to answer it and save the “*ie*.” Going to Llanbydie, as the riddle hints, was something even then.

We could mention several things that helped to make the place noted. As we have said, it was a convenient center, with easy access. There is a break in the Black Forest range between the Loughor and the Towy, and in this noted break, in this pass, the village is built. It was then a very pretty little village, on a beautiful spot where the Black Mountain had been scattered into a

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THE PARISH CHURCH OF LLANDYBÏE.

great number of crags and hillocks to make the plain for the building of the place. The hills and the crags are there now, fortresses of nature, watching over Llandybie on all sides.

In the village there are at least two noted buildings, the church and the Plas. There were then, in addition to the old church, two little chapels, one belonging to the Wesleyans and the other to the Calvinistic Methodists, and several houses besides the Plas, but none of them in historic importance could for a moment compare with the church and the Plas. The latter is the great house of the village, very large and very old, and there is an inspired air about it because of the many tales that cling to it.

The church is one of the oldest in the country, with a square, strong, fine old tower, and the tower, perhaps more than the church, was the pride of the place. There is a splendid peal of bells in it to-day, but in former days it was more celebrated for *balls* than for *bells*. To-day there is a very good congregation in Llandybie Church, but in former times the number of people watching the game of ball at the steeple was much larger than the number listening to the church service at the altar.

The game of ball
On the steeple wall

was the Sunday attraction of the crowd and the talk of the country. Many a tale is told by the old people of how the vicar and the warden used to challenge and beat each other in these Sunday games, and describing how one would hit the ball until it rebounded over the churchyard wall to the road, and how the other would jump after it and back in time to keep the ball going.

The church steeple had something to do with the young boys of the village too; it was a competition to throw a stone clean over it, and I was told the other day that Fred was the youngest of the boys who could do this. He succeeded when very young in casting a stone over the steeple, and from that day was looked upon as a little hero.

"Ffair Llandybie" was another thing which told very much upon the people of the place and the young of the neighborhood. It was a "fighting fair," but maybe not always conducted on the lines of fair fighting. The old boys of Llandybie went in strong for the noble art of self-defense, though perhaps not using it always on the defensive, but sometimes on the aggressive as the case might be, getting up a fight, anyhow. These men of fine art

were generally more active than passive. Birds of a feather used to flock together to Ffair Llandybie from all parts of South Wales, and the day always ended hot.

The parochial business and the church vestries, and the rate-payers' meetings and courts of appeal, were held at the public house, and parish meetings were not so dry then as they are now under the new act. Funerals from a large district used to come to the old churchyard at Llandybie long ago, and the funerals of those old days were lively proceedings indeed.

Again, when we look at the surroundings of this little village, it is seen at once that it is a remarkable center. On the western side you will find Llyn Llechwen, with its celebrated flowers and tales. Toward the north you will find the Dinas, and the Derwydd, and the Golden Grove, and Dynefor Castle, all of historic interest. Toward the east you will find Castell Careg Cenen, with its high rocks and dark cave; Llygad Llwhwr, with its wonderful flow of water coming out of a most wonderful cave; Cwrt Bryn y Beirdd, with its walls of yore, Druidical associations, and sacred pale, which is called Pal Bryn A; that is, Pal Bryn Awen. A little lower down you will see Forge

Llandyfan, with its old traditions ; Eglwys Llandyfan, with its holy well ; Ffrwd Glyn Hir, in one of the most romantic and beautiful valleys in the country. Glyn Lluchwr, and Glyn Aman, of Twrch Trwyth renown, are classic grounds.

All these places of interest and history were within a circle of four miles, with Llandybie as center, and all these tales and customs and places of interest had influenced the mind and stamped the character of every Llandybie boy, of whom Fred was not the least.

The Llandybie in which Doctor Evans died is a little different from the Llandybie in which Fred was born and brought up. We find three chapels here now and a good public school. It was in the meeting on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of the new Independent Chapel that Doctor Evans spoke in public the last time. The chapel is built on a field quite close to his father's house, and he came to the meeting and spoke there, and we were all very glad to see and hear him. His face was a little thin and his voice a little thick, but his tone and spirit were jovial as usual. That was in May, 1896. There are many new buildings in the place and some of the old houses removed. The toll gate is gone before the act of the county

council. The old gate house is removed to give place to a modern building in the form of a brand new shop.



HIS FATHER

His father's house, "Ty. William Evans," close by, is still there, only altered and enlarged a little. It was in the upper room of this his old home that he spent the last twelve months of his life,

and every time I passed during that time, I noticed the little window open to give plenty of fresh air to this son of nature, and whenever I would turn in, there he was in his bed, laughing and crying alternately. On the whole, he was wonderfully cheerful and seemed to be very happy in the old home.

The hills around are just the same as of old, only that the Cilyrychen Lime Kilns are burning away the rocks of the old Dinas on the one side and the Pistyll Lime Works on the other side are burning down the Garn Bica. The roads and the Royal Mail of old have been superseded by the railway and the fast trains of the two companies, the Great Western and the Northwestern. There is a railway station within two hundred yards of the center of the village.

The neighboring villages of Ammanford and Penygroes have grown much in the last ten years, more so than Llandybie itself. The mining resources of the district have been greatly developed and the face of the country considerably altered, but Llandybie is still snug and pretty. It is a noted center as the nursery of men who have distinguished themselves in public life. Some time ago there was much written in the public press of

this country on the subject, several places being given prominence as nurseries of genius. I then wrote to the "South Wales Daily News," challeng-



HIS MOTHER

ing any center in Wales to equal Llandybie in this respect. Within a circle of five miles there are a number of families that have given two and three and four sons to the pulpit.

Our space is too limited to name the homes where men of intellectual and oratorical renown first saw the light. Llandybie and the neighborhood have given a brilliant list of splendid ministers to the Established Church as well as to the different denominations, and a fitting chronicle of them would be highly interesting and very valuable.

What is there in the soil of the place, or the air of the district, or the character of the people, to account for this? Have we to go back to the time of Vicar Prichard, who used to pass through from Llandovery to Llanedi, and from Llanedi to Llandovery? Or to the age of Stephen Hughes, an apostle of Nonconformity, and a founder of many churches? Or later, to the times of Williams and Davies Llandilo, Jenkins Penygroes, Davies Cwman, Prydderch Bettws, John Jones Llanedi, or David Williams Gerdinen, and maybe later still? Or have we to look for an answer in the reaction of the fight, the Ffair, the funeral, the Cwrw Bach, or the Braint? There used to be a very celebrated school near Llandybie, into which young men from all parts of the United Kingdom were wont to come. It may be that the spirit of the awakening lived in that school in times gone by. It may be

that the Gwynfryn School of to-day has something to do with keeping it up.

Whatever it may be, no center in Wales is more celebrated than Llandybie for giving public men to the pulpit and the nation. Doctor Evans was one of these men, and he loved Llandybie and Llandybie loved him.

WATCYN WYN.

III

SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN HIS
EARLY LIFE

Fair Cambria, in thy favor'd land
 What pure delight it is to roam!
To him who from a foreign strand
 Returns to seek a welcome home.
What joy to view each well-known scene,
 To trace the links in memory's chain,
To speak of home that once has been,
 And find that home once more again.

III



My brother ended his days where some fifty-seven years before he saw the light. The cottage which was his birthplace and the cottage where his earthly career was brought to a close are within a very short distance of each other, the latter being situated in and the former near the quaint little village of Llandybie. During the last few months that he was able to go about, nothing afforded him so much pleasure as to visit the scenes which were connected with some noted incident in his boyhood days.

Llandybie is a typical Welsh village, with its whitewashed cottages prettily situated on the banks of the Marlais. It has its ancient church built on an eminence in the center of the village, with its stately tower keeping watch, as it were, over the place. It has also its Nonconformist

places of worship, belonging to the Calvinistic Methodists, the Wesleyan Methodists, and the Congregationalists. Some one once said that three essentials of a Welsh village are a church, a chapel, and a public house, the term church in Wales being generally applied to the building of the Establishment, while the term chapel is reserved for the Nonconformists' edifice, and it can be said that the public house often partakes of the character of the ordinary private house.

It is seldom that a Welsh village, be it ever so small, can be found without the said three establishments, and in this respect Llandybie comes well within the definition.

Llandybie, especially taken in its wider sense to include the parish, has been the birthplace of several persons of note in different spheres of life, particularly so in the ministerial world. While Wales has been termed the land of poets and preachers, Llandybie has been exceptionally fruitful in this respect. Some of its sons to-day fill the most important pulpits in our land. In confirmation of this fact, three detached cottages next one another in the little village can be pointed out as having been the homes of no less than eight ministers of the gospel, and within sight is the house of

him who lately attained the highest distinction in Welsh poetry by winning the chair at our National Eisteddfod, besides being a young preacher of great promise.

The birthplace of my brother lies a little outside the village. The cottage which bears that distinction, and which to me and to many is a sacred spot, is still to be seen and in a tenable condition, although by this time it may rank among the most ancient dwellings in the neighborhood. It is known by the name of Capel Ficar, which, being interpreted, means the "Vicar's Chapel." Tradition connects the cottage with a religious cause which was established and carried on therein early in this century. It was a Calvinistic Methodist cause, and at the dawn of Welsh Methodism the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered by clergymen of the Established Church, its own preachers being as yet unordained. It was customary for a neighboring clergyman, the Rev Williams, Aberglasnan, to visit Llandybie every month to administer the sacrament, which was done in Capel Ficar until the year 1828, when a suitable chapel was built, and hence the origin of the name.

My brother was born in the year 1840. He was

one of ten children, five sons and five daughters, and it might be mentioned as a singular fact that all the sons devoted themselves to the work of the Christian ministry.

He seems to have been a born preacher, for a preacher, like a poet, is born, not made. The spiritual birth is essential to the making of a Christian minister, but the natural birth contributes very considerably toward the same end, and "that is not first which is spiritual but that which is natural," and unless a person is naturally endowed, he may become a good Christian but not a gifted preacher. The subject of this memorial preached when a mere boy. Well do I remember on one of his visits to the old country, and during a brief stay at Llandybie, strolling leisurely together as far as Capel Ficar. Scarcely a spot was passed but was associated with some incident in his early days. "It was there," said he, pointing to the back of the old cottage, "where I preached my first sermon." The pulpit was a large stone, which still remains there; the congregation consisted of his playmates, boys and girls from the neighboring cottages; the sermon was delivered with force and fire, and many and hearty were the responses given by his youthful hearers.

When a boy he was known to be very timid. This would be partly accounted for from the fact of his having listened to so many goblin tales told him by his old grandmother. This old granny had related them so many times and with such earnestness that she had come to believe them as she did her very existence, and the impression she created on the young ones congregated around her was such that they dreaded the approach of night. Even at the age of sixteen and seventeen my brother would be afraid to venture any distance after dark unless accompanied by some one. At that age he was engaged as a monthly supply at a neighboring chapel. Half the distance between his home and the chapel there was a brook called Nantywrach, over which was a footbridge, and once upon a time, at some remote period, a noted character in the neighborhood had found this footbridge convenient wherefrom to hang himself. This, even in my brother's time, was a bit of ancient history, but such was his timidity that one of his sisters would always meet him beyond the bridge to accompany him safely over.

When a boy he had the greatest horror of being thought proud. To wear a new pair of boots was for him a most painful ordeal. He would draw

them through the grass in an adjoining field in order to get the polish off.

In his early days his curly hair troubled him much. The trouble with most nowadays is how to get the curls in, but he was pained to know how to get them out. His device when a boy was to go out on rainy days with his head uncovered, but that instead of having the effect of lessening his curls, multiplied them all the more. And needless to tell those who knew him, they remained with him to the last. I have recorded these two incidents in his early life to show how he then as he did to the end detest everything that betokened pride or vanity.

When a lad, he was endowed with intelligence far above his fellows. An eminent physician of the name of Doctor Rees, Bettws, who was also quick in discerning intellectual qualities in boys and girls with whom he came in contact, said of him, "This boy will become great either in that which is good or evil." Educational advantages were not then what they are now, but he had such as there were. The village school was held within the building of the Established Church, in a gallery which has long since disappeared. The gallery was provided in this way: In the church was a

noted bell, the second in size in the United Kingdom. When this bell was being tolled, the vibration was such that it turned sour all the milk in the village. Eventually it was decided to sell the bell, and the proceeds went toward the erection of this gallery, and it was here where my brother received his elementary education, which at that time was very elementary indeed. However, it may be mentioned that the education he received in the village school, together with preparatory studies at Brynmawr Academy, which is kept at present by the chair and crown bard, Watcyn Wyn, proved sufficient to equip him for Pontypool College.

When a schoolboy, a warm friendship sprang up between him and another lad who was a Wesleyan Methodist, and this lad led him when very young to cast his lot among the Methodists. Both began to preach at the same time. My brother made his first public appearance as a candidate for the ministry in the year 1856, when he delivered a short sermon or address from the words, "Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel." This happened on the anniversary of his birthday, when he was exactly sixteen years old. It was at a society meeting in the little Welsh Methodist chapel, which has long since been taken down.

The little chapel had a pulpit of the old style in which a man of ordinary stature would be buried almost out of sight, and it is related that when the boy preacher, as my brother was then called, ascended this old pulpit for the first time, he had to be elevated by means of a stool in order that he might be seen as well as heard.

His first sermon from home was preached at a little chapel called Llwyn-yr-onen (Ashgrove), which is situated under the shadow of the old historic castle of Caregcnen. He had previously exercised his gifts at home, but only in week-night services, and he had not known as yet what it was to appear in a pulpit in the regular Sabbath meeting. But on this occasion he found himself a full-blown preacher. It was Sunday evening, with a full congregation before him. His text on this occasion was taken from 2 Kings 20 : 1 : "Set thine house in order ; for thou shalt die, and not live." The sermon was preached in the hearing of the superintendent of the circuit, the Rev. John Rees, who, as was customary, would follow the young preacher in an exhortation or sermon. This Mr. Rees was a man of fine physique, of cultured appearance and manners, a gentleman from tip to toe, and one who was highly esteemed and greatly

beloved by all who knew him, and it is not long since the venerable form of this man of God has disappeared from the land.

Having acquitted himself satisfactorily, he was recommended to the district meeting as a candidate for the ministry. The meeting was held some time in June of that year, in Llandilo, an ancient and picturesque town built on a hill overlooking the beautiful vale of Towy. Before this meeting he and the friend already referred to were summoned to appear to deliver their trial "sermons." This friend preached from the familiar words, "Bodily exercise is profitable for a little, but godliness is profitable for all things," etc.; and my brother chose as his text Eph. 5 : 16, "Redeeming the time, because the days are evil." Both performed their task to the satisfaction of the assembled delegates and were heartily recommended to the consideration of the circuit churches.

But my brother was not destined to remain long in the Methodist body. Very soon after he became a recognized preacher, and had his name entered on the circuit plan, he was invited to attend anniversary services at Saron, a neighboring Baptist chapel. The invitation was accepted and thither he went. These services are great occasions among

the Welsh churches; two or three ministers are invited to preach, and often as many as ten or twelve sermons are delivered, which are rapturously enjoyed by the large congregations that are invariably attracted to them. On this particular occasion one of the ministers "held forth" on baptism. It was not unusual then on such occasions to give prominence to distinctive principles, and Baptists especially would seldom let such an opportunity pass without having a word to say on their favorite theme. The old custom was often accompanied with good results, as it certainly was in the present instance. My brother returned home convinced on the subject of baptism, and shortly afterward he gave effect to his conviction and was baptized. This happened in the year 1857, in the river Amman, the officiating minister being the Rev. Benjamin Thomas, Penrhiwgoch, who, on account of his charm and eloquence, was known as the "silver-tongued."

The year following, while he was yet but eighteen years old, he entered Pontypool Baptist College.

T. VALENTINE EVANS.

IV

HIS COLLEGE DAYS

In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And strong in him whose cause is ours
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons he hath given,
The light and truth and love of heaven.

—*Whittier*

IV



“EDNYFED” dead! Ah, me! The fact awakens the tenderest memories.

We were youths together, in the old college at Pontypool. That charmed life of study and of fellowship comes back upon me with marvelous vividness as I pen these words. I have lived over

again the years we spent together in that delightful old, rectangular building, surrounded by choice grounds and crowning a beautifully wooded eminence above the quaint old town of Pontypool. The echoes of hill and glen and grove are even now resounding in my ears as they were wont to in the long ago, and there is no presence so well defined and no voice so delightfully familiar in all the illuminated reminiscence as those of him who is gone.

The president of the college at that time,

Thomas Thomas, D. D., was a model of physical beauty and intellectual strength. His venerable appearance and his dignified mien, his fatherly interest and his theological acumen, his charming scripturalness and his manly piety, are features looked back upon through the years with grateful sensibility. I fancy that I see him at this moment blinking those eyes of his, a peculiarity common under strong emotion. It was the precursor of varied outcomes. It might be a humorous sally, a bitter sarcasm, an approving comment, a striking thought, or an outburst of genuine eloquence. How often did we watch the sign and wait expectantly for what it signified ! Grand old man ! Long years have passed since his gray hairs were placed beneath the sod, but he has lived in the lives of all the men who sat at his feet, not a few of whom have distinguished themselves for ability and usefulness.

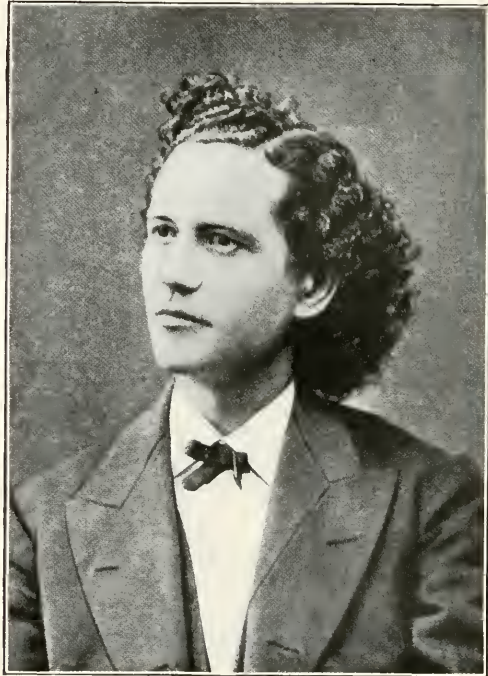
The classical tutor of the old institution in those days was the Rev. George Thomas, M. A. He was an enthusiastic lover of classic lore. In the child-like simplicity of true genius he did his work. He was guileless as a babe, but with the intellectual penetration of a philosopher. The boys laughed at his eccentricities, but respected none the less his

scholarship. He was an Israelite indeed in whom there was not the shadow of duplicity. He was a patient, painstaking, paternal teacher. He was loved and trusted as few occupying similar positions are wont to be. He lives in the grateful recollection of his students as a modern "Samuel in the school of the prophets," and as another "John the beloved among the divines."

The domestic management of the college was in the hands of the president's wife, a queenly woman, a daughter of Glamorgan, nurtured amid the virtuous and ennobling influences of a Welsh home, and chastened and beautified in disposition and character in the school of bereavement. Her rare excellencies, her ever-thoughtful kindness, her helpful influence, and her motherly devotion, made her revered and beloved by several generations of students.

At this venerable institution of learning Dr. Fred Evans was a hard-working student, a ready classical scholar, a plodding theologian, a bright mathematician, a popular preacher, a favorite of the churches, closing a very creditable course of study in May, 1861, the senior of thirty-six students. Of these, many like himself have finished their course; the majority, perhaps, still survive,

most of whom are laboring in the principality, several in England, and a few scattered in different parts of the world.



AS HE WAS IN COLLEGE

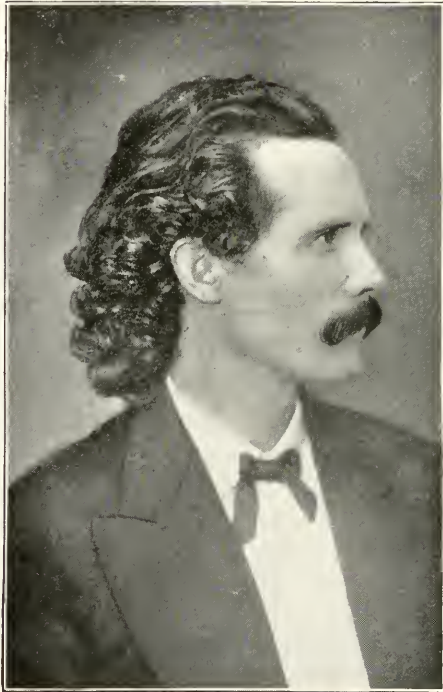
Fred Evans occupied the seat of honor and the throne of love at Pontypool by the common consent of his fellow-students. A nature bright with

summer's bluest skies, a character lovely with the bloom of radiant youth, and a temper fragrant with the aroma of manifold qualities of excellence, he was the light and life and pride of our happy college days. Frank as a child, true as steel, kind-hearted, ready-handed, self-forgetting, he was everybody's trusted and beloved friend. And, moreover, with all his light-heartedness he was devout. He held in profoundest reverence everything religious, and discharged the solemn duties of his sacred office as a good minister of Jesus Christ.

I was familiar with the people of his first pastorate at Llangynidr. Their cordial hospitality and generous helpfulness are among the most grateful recollections of my life. Among such a people, where Mr. Joshua Jones was the "beloved Gaius" and his estimable spouse "the elect lady" of the church, young Evans found a congenial field of labor, whose toils were lightened and brightened by the hearty co-operation of sympathetic and appreciative fellow-workers. Often have I heard them speak of his ardor in the pulpit, setting his discourses on fire and kindling a blaze of sacred fervor in the hearts of his enraptured hearers.

The honor and pleasure fell to my lot of taking his preaching services at Llangynidr the first Sab-

bath after his return with his bride from their wedding trip. Mrs. Evans was a fair maid of Brecknock, a county as prolific of lovely lasses and



HIS BROTHER JOHN

winsome wives as its picturesque valley of the Usk is rich in cornfields and fruitful orchards. Mrs. Evans was a kindred spirit with her gifted husband

and proved a true helpmeet throughout the varied experiences of a protracted and happy wedded life.

His fellow-students, both on this continent and across the sea, who have followed his career with interest, will hold his memory in undying veneration and affection.

WILLIAM PROSSER.

V

THE SCENES OF HIS FRUITFUL
MINISTRIES

“Thousands of men breathe, move, and live; pass off the stage of life and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world, and none were blessed by them, none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption. Not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled, so they perished—their light went out in darkness and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday.”

—*Chalmers*

“The loom of life which he was weaving when the sun went down is weaving still.”

—*Beecher*

V



G. M. EVANS

On the completion of his studies in Pontypool College, Fred Evans was ordained at Llangynidr, in the county of Brecon, South Wales. This was a country charge rather above the average in strength and numbers. He entered upon his work with all the glow of a boyish enthusiasm. He was then but twenty years of age, with a face which would scarcely indicate a corresponding maturity, and a great mass of jet-black hair curling in remarkable profusion about and above his head. He was not long in getting a strong grip of his work and impressing himself upon a much wider circle than that in which he officially moved.

A rural Welsh community in those days had its distinguishing characteristics. The people were simple in their habits, with few opportunities of

extended knowledge of the world or books. But they were thoughtful and well-informed. They had the education that comes from the study of the greatest book. They made the Bible "the man of their counsel," and there were few points in the theological discussions of the times with which they were not generally familiar. They had a keen "palate" for a sermon. They could determine its quality with a facility which was sometimes surprising. The young man who appeared before them with ill-digested matter, or tainted stuff of any kind, however well cooked, was likely to hear of it. In respect of orthodoxy and originality they could not be easily deceived. However slow their mental operations, they were alert enough when the merits of a sermon were in question. I could conceive of few experiences more helpful than the discipline as well as real encouragement of such a charge to a faithful and ambitious young pastor. The years which Doctor Evans spent in Llangynidr gave him a most favorable opportunity of adjusting himself to the peculiar demands of the Welsh pulpit as well as of preparing himself for usefulness in more important spheres.

He left Llangynidr for the United States in the autumn of 1866. He had little difficulty in making

his way in the New World. Nature had liberally endowed him, and he was by this time measurably at least equipped to meet the larger demands that were to be made upon him. His striking appearance, his affable manner, his ready wit, and his exceptional preaching ability all served him in good stead. The leading Welsh church in the country, at Scranton, Pa., extended him a call. His success here was instant and continuous. His services were sought both far and near as a preacher as well as lecturer. His fame soon reached wherever the Welsh language was spoken in the country, and his name became in most Welsh communities a household favorite.

Leaving Scranton after a most successful ministry of three years' duration, he removed to New York to take charge of the Laight Street Church. This was a somewhat daring leap for a young man who had only occasionally preached in English and whose proficiency in the language at the time was not by any means perfect. It was to a church too, that, because of location and change of conditions, afforded but scant prospects of enlargement or even of continuance for any great length of time. If he had known more of what the assumption of such a charge meant, I fancy he would have hesitated

before undertaking it. The invisible hand which guided had better things in store for him, however, for the Laight Street Church, after a short time had elapsed, sold its property and united with the Central Church on Forty-second Street, using the proceeds to pay off the heavy liabilities of the latter. Thus the youthful pastor, who had ventured "where angels would not have dared to," was rewarded with a building in which to prosecute his work in every respect better located, and equal to some at least of the best in accommodation and appointments. His work here witnessed growth both in himself and in the church. Statistics show that during the four years of his pastorate, one hundred and forty-five were baptized, and that, in addition to this, fifty-six were received into fellowship by letter and experience.

In October, 1874, he accepted a call to the First Baptist Church, Franklin, Pennsylvania. His ministry in this populous center of the oil industry was perhaps the most fruitful and delightful in his whole career. The experience which he had acquired in New York City fitted him admirably to take a leading place in the denominational life of that region. He built up a vigorous church and gave stimulus and uplift to the work of the denomination

in Northwestern Pennsylvania, which it had not hitherto received. A devoted member of the church and a warm friend of Doctor Evans, Mr. W. Morgan, writes as follows:

“His ministry was a signal success from first to last. The indebtedness of the church was liquidated, a commodious parsonage built, and the growth of the church in members, spirituality, and standing was marvelous.”

Doctor Evans returned to Wales for one year, becoming pastor of the Baptist Church at Salem, Maesteg, but the Franklin Church refused to accept his resignation, predicting a speedy return, which proved that they knew him a little better than he knew himself. He was pastor in Franklin, taking these two periods into account, eleven years.

In March, 1885, he removed to Philadelphia to take charge of the old Tenth Church. This was a hard field. The changes of recent years precluded the possibility of much advance and made even the maintenance of the cause somewhat problematic. Few men under similar conditions could have accomplished what he did on the field. He kept the membership together in good heart and led them forward in not a little aggressive Christian work. He received into the fellowship of the

church during his pastorate two hundred and forty-five.

His last charge was that of the First Baptist Church, Milwaukee. He commenced here under very favorable circumstances. He was cordially received. The citizens as well as the church rallied around him with enthusiasm. To the last his services were highly appreciated and his influence felt all through that region of the country. I have under my eye while writing appreciative resolutions passed by the church when the intelligence of his death reached them. There was scarcely a prominent religious community in the city which had not been tenderly drawn toward him. His catholicity knew no limitation of sect or creed. Letters have come to me which indicate how greatly he was beloved outside his own communion. I cannot refrain from inserting an extract from one, because it comes from a quarter which is not often brought into friendly contact with the Protestant ministry. It is from Rabbi Victor Caro, Temple B'ne Jeshurun: "I knew him personally well. Yes, he was my friend and the friend of my people. Often I heard him plead for my unfortunate, persecuted brethren. He was an ideal priest of the Most High. In his love for men of all creeds

and of all denominations he showed in a practical way the greatness of his mind. Frederick Evans not only will live in the other world, but in the hearts of those among whom he lived and by whom he was loved. He is one of those of whom it is said in Dan. 12 : 3, 'And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament ; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.' "

G. M. EVANS and B. D. THOMAS.

VI

HIS GROWING POPULARITY AND
USEFULNESS

“Popularity disarms envy in well-disposed minds. Those are ever the most ready to do justice to others who feel that the world has done them justice. When success has not this effect in opening the mind it is a sign that it has been ill deserved.”

—*Hazlitt*

VI



IN my diary written in 1866, during a sojourn in Wales, I find the following entry :

“ July 3. To-day the great man, ‘Mathetes,’ walked with me from his home in Rhymney half way to Tredeger : there I went into the home of ‘Evans the Druggist,’

where I met Rev. Fred Evans (Ednyfed). I am already greatly attached to him, for he is the most genial of companions and courteous of friends.”

That was the beginning of an acquaintance and friendship which lasted without interruption until his death. We occasionally met in literary and religious conventions, sometimes we corresponded, but whether in parlor, hall, church, street, or field such meetings occurred, Doctor Evans was ever the same genial, interesting, and entertaining friend, “of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.”

I am asked to write of his *growing popularity and usefulness*. Doctor Evans arrived in this country a comparative stranger. His coming was not heralded to any great extent, nor was his reputation known. He brought with him as an introduction simply the conventional endorsements and recommendations of a Baptist clergyman in good standing and repute among the churches and brethren in Wales. He found, however, but few difficulties to overcome. He was admirably equipped to ingratiate himself into the confidence and affections of a new community. He had a striking personality, a unique and fascinating address, was a popular preacher, and the most charming of social guests and companions, hence the avenues to public favor were at once open and easy. He was greeted with a shower of "calls" from leading Welsh Baptist churches, and soon accepted the pastorate of the largest and most influential in the States, at Scranton, Pa.

His popularity. At once his congregations were limited only by the capacity of the building. Here he ministered for three years with great acceptance and success. His admiring church had only one annoyance, namely, that arising from the constant appeals made for his services at

conventions, Associations, and special occasions of every sort. To fill his pulpit when he was absent was out of the question, hence their pardonable reluctance to regard with complacency these constant and growing demands. Not only as a preacher was he in requisition, but the versatility of his gifts was such that other tasks and honors were pressed upon him. He was a popular lecturer, he was in the front rank of Welsh critics and adjudicators, he was also sought for in the editorial chair, and the productions of his pen in prose and poetry were always most readable. Hence in a few years after his arrival in the United States he was recognized as one of the leading public men, and one whom his denomination and fellow-countrymen delighted to honor.

When he resigned the Welsh pastorate at Scranton it was an unqualified delight to the Welsh people that he did not withdraw from their pulpit, and that his interest in Welsh literature and national movements continued unabated. The demand for his services as a preacher on special occasions, for his presence and leadership at Eisteddfodaw, and for his writings in the Welsh press, rather increased than diminished. His frequent visits to Wales kept his friendships in his native

land perpetually green and growing. He was ever greeted with delight by his brethren in the principality, and his services were in such demand as to make the thought of rest even for a Sabbath little less than a delusive dream.

When Doctor Evans accepted an American pastorate in New York, and later in Western Pennsylvania, then in Philadelphia, and again in Milwaukee, he had wider fields for the exercise of his gifts. He also met powerful rivals for popular favor, and those who were "to the manner born," but our friend never lost hold of the popular heart, nor did he fall far behind the rest of them in efficiency and usefulness. He was wise in counsel, quick in his intuitions, sound in judgment; he made no enemies, and while his admirers were many and widely distributed, there were the elect few who were admitted into the sacred shrine of his confidence, and by them he was absolutely trusted and intensely loved.

His usefulness. One of the leading members of his church in Milwaukee, speaking to me of Doctor Evans, said: "We wish he were a little less popular in the State, so that we could keep him at home more constantly."

Popularity is the glamour of reputation; useful-

ness is the weight and pressure of character. The first may be a shower of meteors, the second is the steady shining of solar light. The former is the trust of the "five talents," the latter is the "five" increased into "ten," which at last secure the divine endorsement, "Well done, good and faithful servant." The first is transitory, the second is abiding; the first the accident of genius, the second is the quality of soul and of life of which the final analysis will take cognizance; the first man admires, the second God recognizes and rewards.

A temptation always present to a man of brilliant parts is to place and hold himself in a position to receive the plaudits and adulation of the public. He has the ability to intoxicate men with delight in him, and he will use it to that end, receiving his full recompense in the selfish enjoyment of praise and "revenue." I never discovered that Doctor Evans yielded to this temptation. So generous was he that I doubt if he succeeded in "saving" anything. Neither in address, lecture, or sermon did I ever notice a disposition for self-seeking, or personal glorification. Indeed, the utter absence of self-consciousness was one of his most enviable characteristics. Toward his brethren in the ministry he was most generous of courtesy and

appreciation. He abounded in playful criticisms, but never indulged in vitriolic jibes or biting jests. In his sermons he always impressed me that he aimed to offer the "water of life" to men without the taste of the vessel on it. This unselfishness of his nature was a powerful element in the usefulness of his ministry.

He was a preacher of more than ordinary power ; he had fine literary taste, which he had assiduously cultivated. He was an entertaining platform speaker, a writer of high order, and his social nature was a perpetual sunshine ; but his success was achieved, not so much through one or more of these characteristics, but by the wisdom with which he marshaled them into a character and personality that was full orbed and which he brought into constant activity. Of other men we have heard it said, "He is a good preacher, but a poor thinker" ; or, "He is an excellent pastor, but a pulpit weakling" ; or, "He has splendid natural gifts, but they are unburnished." It has been this lack of orbedness, or balance, in many gifted clergymen that denied them the success and usefulness which otherwise they would have attained. Doctor Evans' character was not dimmed, nor was his usefulness ever impaired by "untempered parts of the

whole"; each gift supplemented or qualified the others. The absorbing errand of his life was to preach the gospel for the salvation and edification of men. To this end the sermon was a literary and rhetorical production of rare merit; it was also evangelical and biblical; it was largely the growth of his spiritual experience and knowledge; it was enlivened by the alternate play of humor, pathos, anecdote, appeal, warning, rebuke, encouragement, and cheer—always hopeful, buoyant, and inspiring with faith in the future and in God.

He instructed the ignorant, delighted the intelligent, convicted of sin, and built up the saints. Hence his preaching was most practical, spiritual, and effective in accomplishing the supreme results to be secured in "declaring the gospel of Christ." Then out of the pulpit he was the careful pastor, the delight of the social circle, the welcome guest of the parlor, the genial friend of the poor and illiterate, the wise counselor of the troubled and perplexed, and a most inspiring companion. Once I heard the lamented, lovable, despondent P. L. Davies telling him, "Why, Fred, your company is medicinal." He had no affectation or pedantry to weary the common man, nor boorishness or rusticity to offend the most fastidious.

Such a ministry, personality, and character are ever a pledge of usefulness and power. The popularity and usefulness of Doctor Evans did not abate to the last; it was his final illness and the close of his earthly life that put a period to his bright and promiseful career. His "promotion" came, not after he had "retired," but while he was still in the front of the battle and doing splendid execution for the Master's cause. His sun set while it was yet day! But as it "set" to our vision it is an assurance that it carried its beams with it to shed them in realms where there is "no night."

H. O. ROWLANDS.

VII

HIS LITERARY AND POETIC QUALITIES

“Wear your learning like your watch, in a private pocket, and do not pull it out and strike it, merely to show that you have one. If you are asked what o’clock it is, tell it; but do not proclaim it hourly and unasked, like the watchman.”

—*Chesterfield*

VII



THOMAS SEYSE

It is more than thirty years since I met Fred Evans, D. D., for the first time. I distinctly remember his personal appearance. His eyes sparkled with the light of life and health. His hair hung in raven ringlets from his well-shaped head. I have not forgotten even the color of the clothes which he wore. Taken altogether he was not a person that you could easily forget after once meeting him. He had preached the preceding Lord's Day for the Welsh Baptist Church of Hyde Park, now part of Scranton, Pa. After becoming pastor of that church we were neighbors for about two years, and I have met him now and again during all these years, sufficient to keep up an unbroken friendship, unclouded by even the slightest misunderstanding. I regard it as a privilege to have the opportunity to pay my tribute to his memory,

and I only regret my lack of material and qualification to treat the subject adequately. I presume that I have read nearly everything that he prepared for the press since I first became acquainted with him. I certainly have read all written in Welsh or in English that has come within my reach, but I can lay my hand just now on but very few of his literary efforts, hence I must rely almost entirely on my own recollection of them.

His literary and poetic qualities cannot very well be considered separately, for all his literary work was impregnated with the spirit of poetry. In his case they blended together like two drops of water. Various answers may be given to the question, what is poetry? The Greeks used the word from which ours is derived almost exclusively to designate the artistic productions of the imagination expressed in language. Poetry is then not necessarily associated, as many people think, with verse or rhyme. It may find expression in prose, and in point of fact has often done so, both in ancient and in modern times.

My own impression is that Doctor Evans never composed any great amount of formal poetry. At any rate I never heard him allude to it, and I have never seen but two or three of his poems. My recollection of these is not very distinct, but

I have an impression that there was far more of poetry in some of the remarkable sermons that I have heard him preach, such as "The Cup in Benjamin's Sack," and that on the opening of the book with the seven seals, and others that I might mention, especially a Welsh sermon I heard him preach on a week evening in Oliphant. I am not sure of the text, but it was one of the descriptions of heaven which we have in the book of Revelation, and it seemed to me like a magnificent prose poem. He was first of all and all the time a preacher, and all his other gifts were, as they should be, tributary to this great work. His literary and poetic qualities were distinguished:

1. By clearness. He could in all sincerity say with the apostle, "We use great plainness of speech." No thoughtful observer could hear him preach or read any of his literary productions without being impressed with the fact that this was one of the distinct objects which he had continually in view. I well remember being laughingly criticised by him, after preaching in his place one Sunday evening, for a careless use of the phrase "*Ecce Homo.*" The book with that title had been published not long before and was making quite a stir, and I presume I alluded to it in some way. "How

many do you suppose," said he to me, "of your hearers know anything about the book or even the meaning of the words?" I have no doubt but that his probing question did me as much good as any criticism that I have ever received.

Some people have what is called a wonderful gift of language. Robert Hall, speaking of one of our countrymen, said that "he had a world of language but only a thimbleful of ideas." There are some whose gift of language is so extraordinary that common people cannot read or hear what they have to say intelligently without a free use of the dictionary. They use language as if they accepted Talleyrand's maxim that it was given us for the purpose "of concealing thought." But our friend regarded it as a vehicle by which we can express our thoughts. It is said of the celebrated Dr. E. Griffin, that after hearing one of his students read a grandiloquent page of a sermon, he stopped him and asked him, "What do you mean by this paragraph or sentence?" The student would tell him. "Now, then, sit down and write that." I have no idea that any one ever had occasion to administer such a lesson as that to Frederick Evans, but if he ever did receive such a lesson, it was most effective in its consequences. He profited

by it above many. He appeared to be actuated by a controlling passion to be clearly understood. He seemed to be ready to sacrifice anything in the way of style or elegance of expression in order that his meaning might be readily apprehended by the least intelligent.

2. Energy was another of the qualities of his literary and poetic gifts. For a while when I first knew him he acted as one of the editors of "Banner America," published in Scranton. The other editors were men of more than ordinary ability, yet it was not very difficult to pick out his work from theirs. There was a headlong rush and force in nearly everything that he wrote in those days. The impetuosity and abruptness that were then peculiar to him became somewhat modified with advancing years, but he retained to the end a very forcible and vigorous form of expression.

The energy of his style may be accounted for in part by the fact that he had thoroughly mastered the subject he was discussing, and by the fact that whatever he desired others to accept or believe, he was entirely convinced of himself. "If you would have one weep," said one of the ancients, "weep yourself"; and with equal force of application we can say, "If you would have one believe,

you must yourself believe." The accent of conviction has a peculiar ring to it that cannot easily be counterfeited. Swedenborg in one of his books tells of one of his excursions to the world of spirits, that among other things he saw there, were spirits trying to express what they did not believe. Energy of utterance is impossible in that sort of exercise. It was out of the question for Doctor Evans to be engaged in anything like that. So far as I knew him, he could say, "I believe, and therefore have I written or spoken."

3. Good common sense was another of his intellectual traits. I sometimes think that nothing is more uncommon, even among gifted men, than this same common sense. Yet no one at all acquainted with the literary efforts of Doctor Evans could candidly question his possession of it in an eminent degree. I do not remember to have ever heard or read anything from him that would make me pause and ask, "Is that so?" On the contrary, it is easy to select many sentences from his writings that sound like axioms and commend themselves at once to our reason, conscience, and judgment. Take the following: "Forgetfulness is a virtue and a crime; when a man forgets his debts, it is a crime; but when a man forgets an injury done him, it is a

virtue divine." This weighty truth is put in such a compact way that it is easy for us to carry it with us for use in our daily life. There can be but one answer given by any honest man to the following question, "Did you ever get on well by gazing at the crookedness of others?" How much like the wisdom of one of the ancient sages in this exhortation, "Write your sorrows in water, but write your blessings in your heart." These sentences have been taken almost at random from his 1895 New Year's address, the last of his efforts that I have seen published, and the only one in English that I can lay my hands on just now. I have no doubt but that any one who has access to his papers could find abundant illustrations of all the points which I have mentioned.

4. Wit was another of his literary characteristics. Not to mention this among the number would be like discussing Shakespeare's "Hamlet" with the part of the Prince left out. He will perhaps be longer remembered for this trait than for any of his other gifts by the majority of those who have known and admired him. In some of his moods he made unstinted use of his wit so that some, even of his best friends, could wish that he had not so much of it. But it was very natural for him.

It appeared in the arrangement of his sentences, at other times in the emphasis which he placed on different parts of the sentences, sometimes in the grotesque, and at others in the grim comparisons which he made. In speaking of the un wisdom of digging up past sins and follies, which, perhaps, God had forgiven, "It is worse," he says, "than if you were to raise the bones of your loved ones from the grave and rattle them against the fences of the city."

Coleridge defines wit "as that which discovers partial likeness hidden in general diversity." If this is a correct definition, and I have no reason to question it, there were many such discoveries in the literary and poetic productions of our friend.

5. Last of all, I would mention hopefulness as one of his literary and poetic qualities.

Man never is, but always to be blest.

Of none that I have ever known was this more true than of Dr. Fred Evans. There was nothing of the pessimist in him. He would brush everything like that away as unworthy of a moment's consideration. I will venture to say on my knowledge of the man that he never wrote a line of prose or poetry that did not have in it more or less of a

hopeful spirit. It could not be otherwise and be a truthful expression of the man.

I have seen him in some pretty tight places, but never in one in which he appeared ever to lose heart and hope. One of the last occasions in which I met him, he was talking of the discouraging condition of things in the down-town fields in our great cities, and of his own then in Philadelphia among the number, but on such a subject as that he was not despondent. Hope painted for him a bright to-morrow. In his last hours he spoke to an old friend of the bright light which even then appeared to him in the cloud.

I often think of our parting in Toronto before he went to Milwaukee. Neither of us thought then, that we were parting for the last time on this earth. Perhaps it was better so.

'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
 Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;
 Then steal away ; give little warning,
 Choose thine own time, .
 Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime
 Bid me good-morning.

THOMAS SEYSE.

VIII

HIS CHARACTERISTICS AS A PREACHER

In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation—'tis my perfect scorn,
Object of my implacable disgust.
What! will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A silly fond conceit of his fair form
And just proportions, fashionable mien
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with a diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant part before mine eyes
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and instead of truth
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.
Therefore, avaunt all attitude and stare
And strut theatric, practised at the glass.
I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine.

—Cowper

VIII



WALEs has not figured prominently in any of the great secular movements that have contributed to the world's progress. The names of distinguished men in literature and arts, in statesmanship and commerce, would rarely be recognized as bearing evidence of a Welsh origin. This is easily accounted for. In no respect have the people of this little principality had opportunity to rival their more pretentious neighbors. They have been kept under the ban of disabilities which have rendered advancement in any of these spheres of activity and aspiration well-nigh impossible. Educational opportunity, other than the merely rudimental, has only during recent years been enjoyed by the great body of the population. The avenues of pursuit in which genius and intellectual mastership could

have opportunities to assert themselves were closed even to the most aspiring of the sons of toil. That Wales should not have risen to greater distinction in social, industrial, and political achievement has not been because the mental calibre was lacking, but because the conditions were so almost absolutely inimical.

There is one sphere, however, in which this little country, despite her manifold disadvantages, has excelled. If she has not produced statesmen and artists, philosophers and scholars, who could stand without suggestion of inferiority beside the best products of other lands, she has produced preachers who certainly could. What philosophers were in Greece, and artists in Italy, preachers have been and still continue to be in Wales, the consummate blossoming of her richest life. They have an indefinable quality which is widely recognized. Nor is the reason for it far to find. It can be accounted for on purely philosophic principles. Wales is a land of sentiment. Her inhabitants are exquisitely responsive to the influences that appeal to the emotional nature. They have the imaginative and the realistic almost intuitively developed. When you have in addition to these temperamental endowments, strength of intellect and souls set on

fire by the Holy Spirit, you have the essentials of the preacher's art which might be developed into marvelous efficiency without even any of the culture of the schools.

The place of the pulpit among the Nonconformists of the principality has been for generations decidedly unique. It was, if not the only, certainly the most effective means of religious instruction and intellectual stimulation. It afforded almost the only opportunity for coming into vital and helpful contact with the popular mind. It possessed in consequence oracular as well as divine authority. Under the glowing influence of revivals that stirred the country from time to time a type of preachers was developed under the providence of God that commanded not merely respect but veneration. Lest I should be suspected of national partiality in my judgment of their quality I will quote a few appreciative sentences from the letters of the late Henry Richards, M. P., one of the ablest members of the English House of Commons of his day :

Not a few who filled the Nonconformist pulpits of Wales during the latter half of the past century were men of stately and commanding appearance, and were endowed with voices of great compass and melody, which by constant use they had learned to rule as to express with nicest

modulations all the varying moods of an orator's mind. No greater mistake could be committed than to imagine that their preaching consisted in loud and incoherent rant. Their sermons were carefully prepared and often by frequent repetition elaborated to a high degree of oratorical perfection, while in the mode of delivery they were distinguished by nothing so much as by their absolute self-possession, the mastery they retained over themselves in the very torrent and tempest, and as I might say, whirlwind of their passion. It is true that they claimed and exercised almost unbounded liberty in their method of exhibiting the truth they believed. They were not restrained by that mortal fear of transgressing the decencies which fetters an English preacher and renders it almost impossible for him to be oratorically effective. They abandoned themselves freely to the swaying impulses of their own inspiration. They used without hesitation or stint all forms of speech that were at their command—trope, metaphor, allegory, graphic pictorial description, bold prosopopceia, solemn invocation, impassioned appeal, dramatic dialogue and action. This they did not of set purpose, for they might not even know the names that rhetoricians had given these figures of speech, but because following the dictates of their own natural genius for oratory, such were the means that seemed best adapted to produce the impression they desired.

With such men filling many of the pulpits of the land and traveling through the country in their evangelistic zeal, there can be little wonder that the gospel ministry should have commanded a place in

the popular estimation that was unrivaled. The sermons of these men would furnish the topic of conversation at the smithy and in the tailor shop, in the market-place and at the fireside. A visit from one of these celebrities would keep a neighborhood on tiptoe of expectation for weeks. The plowboy and the milkmaid, as well as the farmer and the shopkeeper, would anticipate the event with more eager enthusiasm than the musically cultured in any of our modern cities would the advent of the finest *prima donna* in the land. The traditions of the pulpit are even to this day the elixir of popular conversation, and the names of those who adorned the sacred place with their soul-captivating oratory are those which are most faithfully enshrined in the affections of the people.

Such being the case, it is but natural that the pulpit should strongly appeal to the imagination of the youth of the principality when brought under the regenerating influence of God's Holy Spirit. To be a preacher, to the Welsh lad of fifty years ago, was a greater object of aspiration than to be aught else beneath the sun. The office, by reason of its peculiar sacredness and wide-sweeping influence, albeit but commanding a mere pittance in the way of salary, fascinated the young mind.

Doctor Evans was born while these traditions and influences were yet potent in the life of the land. It would be but reasonable to suppose that they were not without their influence, both in the determination of his mind for that sphere which he afterward lived to adorn, but that they had much to do with the formation of the crude mold, at least, out of which was developed with manifold modification and refinement the preacher whom we learned to love and admire.

I have dwelt probably too long upon the background of the picture, but it has so much to do with a correct appreciation of its essential features that I hesitate to apologize. If preachers, like poets, are born, not made, then there are many influences which go into their production which must be searched for possibly in the distant past. The elements that enter as determining factors into their production are frequently transmitted. They are not produced as photographs by instantaneous process. The streams of tendency which flow down through generations must be taken into the account. Doctor Evans was a product of the Welsh quality. This is as emphatically true of the preacher as of the man.

To delineate him in his chosen avocation is by

no means an easy task. That he was unique, no one who has heard him will for a moment question. When you listened to Doctor Evans preach you were sure that you had never heard any one exactly like him. He was natural and easy in his utterance, but the current flowed so rapidly and sparkled as it flowed with such a delightful iridescence that you were not wont to slumber, I am well assured. His voice was rich and full and under perfect control. Its variations of tone were not great, but its quality was such that you would never weary of listening to it. He was at his best in his own native tongue. His style of oratory was very much the same in both languages, but he had a fluency in Welsh which he never acquired in English. Whether he ever aspired after that peculiar form of oratorical utterance which for generations was considered a *sine qua non* of effectiveness in Welsh preaching, a form of utterance in which the musical cadences of the language are made to play so large a part, I am not prepared to say. One thing is very certain, that if he did his success was only partial. The weird, intensive, and in some instances ravishing voice effects attained by the great masters of the Welsh pulpit he never acquired. His charm as a speaker in his native tongue as well as

in English was that of clear, limpid, forceful utterance irradiated ever and anon with gleams of brilliance and interpenetrated with rare touches of genuine humor. He caught the ear, enlightened the understanding, and not unfrequently captivated the affection, but it was all done without any attempt at what the connoisseur of Welsh preaching would call "the hwyl." He could, when occasion required, plow successfully through a pretty heavy sea of iridescent oratory; but he would have played a sorry figure if he had attempted to imitate some of his countrymen in the ministry in "nautical evolutions."

I would not presume to represent my departed friend as a great preacher. Greatness is a term that applies really only to the very few. I do not know that he would have recognized himself, or that his best friends would recognize him as thus delineated. He was certainly neither ordinary nor commonplace. He knew how to reach the popular mind and sway the popular heart when the conditions were not decidedly inimical. He could present truth with felicity and force and the average of his preaching was very far above the average of a great many who are looked up to as our foremost representatives.

His preaching had this characteristic, whatever else it failed in, of being luminous as the morning light. You never had any doubt as to what he was aiming at. He never soared beyond the clouds nor groveled in the obscurities beneath his feet. He knew what he desired to say and said it. His thought was never ponderous, and an involved sentence would be an anomaly upon his lips. Sydney Smith once said that in the pulpit the sin against the Holy Ghost was dullness. Doctor Evans was never guilty of that sin. His preaching was like the general movement of his body, quick and sharp. In spiritual warfare he was not a cannon, but a gatling gun. His sentences rattled rather than roared. They were not spikes but nails that found their way easily into any sort of timber, for they were well formed and driven by a master of assemblies. He was an adept at gathering material to illustrate his discourses. Sometimes it was homely and not unfrequently grotesque, but it seldom failed to serve as an effective bow for the arrow which he deftly fitted into it. He had a quick eye for the ludicrous and the amusing, both in nature and in human life. He moved along in his discourse often like a boat over the rippling waters of a lake, for his hearers were generally de-

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lightly responsive. He would delineate a character or point a moral or press home on the conscience some important obligation in a vein which would seem to some a little sacrilegious, but the effect was generally such as to atone for the seeming aberration. What would appear to the captious hearer an unpardonable evidence of frivolity was in truth only the exuberant vesture of an earnestness which sought for the best means to make the truth tell upon deadened sensibilities and obdurate hearts. We are far from recognizing such methods as ordinarily either wise or safe, but better anything that has the grace of God in it than a dull monotony that awakens no interest and is productive of nothing so effectually as a somnolific indifference. Nature has infinite diversity of form and expression; this is its essential and perennial charm, and shall we complain when a little of it finds its way into a realm in which monotony and uniformity are not altogether unknown.

I want to say, before my last word is written in this connection, that my friend in all his public ministry was supremely loyal to those truths which gather in harmonious suggestiveness around the Cross. The gospel, in all its rich and satisfying sufficiencies, had for him an undying fascination.

It held him, swayed him, dominated him. The preaching that had no divine sacrifice for sin to announce, no almighty Saviour to proclaim, no perfected righteousness to offer, no eternal life to invite to, he from his very heart despised. "The gracious mystery of redemption through the blood had grown upon the vision of his love and reverence until it filled all things with its mournful, holy, infinite glory." The cross was to him not an orb, but a constellation; not a monotone, but a symphony; not a single aspect of divine truth, but the sum and substance of it. It swept the whole range of his thinking and teaching. The spell of its enchantment had fallen upon his soul and he never preached but what the glow and power of it were both seen and felt.

B. D. THOMAS.

IX

HIS EISTEDDFODIC GENIUS

“ Let the rules of art become a second nature to the poet; let him succeed in applying them as moral laws are naturally applied by a well-educated man and then imagination will retain all its power and all its freedom.”

—*Schiller*

IX



It is unnecessary to explain at any length the nature of the Eisteddfod. It is an institution ancient in its origin, excellent in its character, and highly beneficial in its tendencies and results. It has figured prominently in the national history, development, and genius of Wales and of the Welsh people. It has for centuries fostered the love of music and literature among the Cymric race to a greater extent than any other known force or agency. At the present time in Wales, and for the past fifty years at least, the Eisteddfod, in its relation to music and literature, has been the school, college, and university of the people. Its benign power has permeated every village, hamlet, town, and city in the principality, with the result that every valley in our native land is exalted and all the hills resound to the echoes of sweet song.

The Eisteddfod has also found a recognized place in the United States. Under the shadow of Mount Royal in Canada; on the island of Manhattan, where the Empire City with open arms welcomes that which is best in European civilization; in the coal and iron centers of Pennsylvania and Ohio; on the shores of our great inland seas; at the foot of the Rocky Mountains; on the far Western prairies, and in the city of the Golden Gate, the sons and daughters of St. David and their descendants have found homes and liberty and prosperity. While their devotion and allegiance to American ideas and institutions are unquestioned, they have a tender feeling of reverence for the "land of their fathers." They not only naturally retain fond memories of another home and another country, but they ingraft upon their new associations and their new life some of the best features of their national character. They contribute their share of new blood to the vitality and development of American life. All nations whose children find a permanent home on this continent give in the main a new line of strength to the American character, and help the upward progress of American civilization.

I might say briefly that the contributions which

the Welsh people who have settled in America have made, and are making, to the sum total of this country's weal, are their habits of industry and willingness to toil, their intense love of civil liberty in its highest form, their fervent religious spirit coupled with great knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and their love of music and literature. The love of music and literature is fostered and preserved by the Eisteddfod. This institution, so laudable in its aim and character, should flourish in every city and town in the land. It tends to diffuse general culture among the people and deserves a permanent resting-place among all people, of every race and creed, on the American continent. During the last ten years the Eisteddfod, while generally under the immediate management of Welshmen, has been largely patronized by others. This was notably so in the Denver Eisteddfod of 1896. Of the ten thousand people who were in attendance, there were not over two thousand of Welsh descent. And this was also true of the Salt Lake City Eisteddfod of 1898. With an average attendance of eight thousand at each session, about one-half only were Welsh.

After these preliminary remarks of a general nature, I hasten to state that the subject of the

present memorial, Dr. Fred Evans, lovingly known among his countrymen by his *nom de plume*, "Ednyfed," was closely identified with the Eisteddfod, in this country and in Wales. For a quarter of a century he frequently served as the adjudicator, or judge of literature, prose and poetical compositions, in Welsh and English, and of oratory and elocutionary work. As such adjudicator he was fearless and upright, instructive in his criticisms; but tender with the young and inexperienced competitor, and his work on these occasions was always scintillescent with flashes of wit and genius. Though successful as adjudicator, the reputation he gained in this direction was surely overshadowed by the greater lustre of his work as *conductor* of an Eisteddfod. In this position he was incomparably the master of all others. The office of conductor in an Eisteddfod is somewhat unique. While each session has a chairman, who is introduced to the audience and who responds with a suitable address, the real presiding officer is the conductor. The sole management of the work of the Eisteddfod is under his control. It is his duty to direct and facilitate the proceedings so as to assure the orderly and rapid disposition of the competitions. In the intervals of delay between the numbers of

the programme, the conductor is expected to entertain the audience with appropriate remarks. Those who have tried to interest an audience of ten thousand people under such circumstances know the difficulties of the situation. But it was just in such a situation that Doctor Evans was pre-eminently successful.

My recollection brings before me vividly an occasion which will bear description. The large hall and an audience of twelve thousand people furnished a scene worthy of the poet's pen and the painter's brush. On the platform were many men of eminence in the arts, sciences, and in literature. The metropolis of England and many of the large American cities were worthily represented. A thousand competitors were present, all intensely interested in the proceedings. The central figure on the platform was the conductor, who presided over the vast assembly. His presence in itself was a commanding influence. While raising his right hand and demanding attention, even before he uttered a word, the audience recognized its master. This recognition was the more willingly given because nine-tenths of the audience knew him well. They not only admired his brilliant attainments, but they had learned to love the man. When he

spoke, their hearts readily responded. Now and then during the delays inevitable on such occasions, the conductor filled the intervals with brilliant and witty speeches. His remarks were always *impromptu*, born of the inspiration of the moment. For full four hours the magic of his voice and presence banished dullness and filled the hall with sunshine and warmth. His speeches were not long. Neither were they on any set or specific topic. Nearly everything that happened was to him a suggestion to be forthwith transmuted by his genius into bright ideas and brighter sayings. At the end of the session the large audience departed in a happy mood, uncertain whether their delight was the result of the keen competitions they had witnessed, or of the happy and entrancing wit and brilliancy of the genial conductor. The occasion I refer to was at the World's Fair International Eisteddfod in 1893, where Doctor Evans presided with such great success.

Doctor Evans' Eisteddfodic career covers a period of more than a quarter of a century. His services were always in great demand. He traveled thousands of miles to fill such engagements, often receiving but slight remuneration. It would be impossible to name a tithe of the places in which he

served the Eisteddfod as judge or conductor, or both. In number they ran into the hundreds. In whatever city and State an Eisteddfod has been held Doctor Evans has been there, at some time or another. In the Lackawanna and Wyoming valleys in Pennsylvania, I know personally that he has been called dozens of times to serve the Eisteddfod. Not only in this country but in Wales, the native home of the Eisteddfod, has he acted as judge or conductor. The most prominent occasion which I now recall was the National Eisteddfod in Merthyr Tydfil, South Wales. When on a visit to Wales, in 1895, I heard many recall with pleasure the work of Doctor Evans at the Merthyr Eisteddfod. He was undoubtedly called upon for his services at other places in Wales, but I have no means at hand of acquiring accurate information on this point. Indeed, it is not necessary to enumerate these places. Doctor Evans' Eisteddfodic reputation does not depend on the ascertainment of the exact number. He could not comply with half the invitations he received. It is sufficient for any purpose to state that his reputation as a willing and able servant and master of the Eisteddfod remains a loving treasure in the memory of his friends and fellow-countrymen.

What was the secret of his success in his Eisteddfodic career, more especially as a conductor? His striking and pleasing personal appearance undoubtedly formed a bright setting for the jewels of his intellectual treasure. His voice also was of a musical quality. I believe he would have made a good singer. But these advantages, although desirable accessories, do not account for his great popularity. The true explanation is to be found in his possession of an inexhaustible fund of wit and humor. This is not a prominent trait in the Welsh character; nevertheless Doctor Evans possessed it to a superlative degree. This, in my judgment, was the secret of his power as an Eisteddfod conductor. His wit, though keen and spontaneous, was always good-natured. It had no barbed point to hurt anybody. While it bubbled and sparkled, and flitted hither and thither like a sunbeam, its sharpest expressions were free from poison. Doctor Evans had this delightful possession always under control. Montaigne said: "Wit is a dangerous weapon, even to the possessor, if he knows not how to use it discreetly." Or as Herbert quaintly has written:

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer;

Hast thou the knack? Pamper it not with liking;
 But if thou want it, buy it not too deare.
 Many affecting wit beyond their power,
 Have got to be a deare fool for an houre.

And Dryden has said :

Ev'n wit's a burthen, when it talks too long.

The subject of my short article happily avoided the pitfalls into which a ready wit and a nimble tongue are sometimes apt to lead men. This was mainly because his wit was genuine and natural. Let no one despise the possession of this remarkable power. It has been given to only a few. I believe with Cervantes that wit and humor belong to genius alone. It cannot be acquired. Nor can it be manufactured. It is, as Livy said, the perfect flower of the imagination.

To repeat in print any of Doctor Evans' bright, witty, and epigrammatic sayings would tend to destroy their beauty. The man, the voice, and the inspiration of place and surroundings are necessary to preserve the brilliancy of such utterances. I cannot gild the gold that glittered for a moment, nor paint the lily that bloomed for a day only. The memory of his work in the Eisteddfod will remain forever green in the hearts of the people.

It has been to me a great honor and a greater pleasure to take a few minutes from a busy life to weave this garland of affection in memory of my friend "Ednyfed," remembering that there is a silver lining to our cloud of sorrow, because,

To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

H. M. EDWARDS.

X

HIS CYMRIC AFFINITIES

“Our friendships to mankind may admit variety, as does our conversation, and as by nature we are made sociable to all, so we are friendly; but as all cannot actually be of our society, so neither can all be admitted to a special, actual friendship.”

—*Jeremy Taylor*

X



THERE are few men who have attained popularity and influence outside of their own nationality, who will be remembered so gratefully through the coming years as Dr. Fred Evans.

He stamped himself so indelibly upon the life of his countrymen in this land, that it will take long years to obliterate the memory of his personality and ministry. Although he was for twenty-five years a pastor among the English-speaking Americans, he continued to be in touch with the Welsh people and Welsh churches as no other man similarly circumstanced has ever been.

I do not mean to say that he did not heartily identify himself with American life and American institutions, for this would be untrue. There never crossed the ocean a man who became more thoroughly imbued with those qualities which have

come to be known as New World characteristics. He was an American of the Americans. He had an ardent affection for the principles and aspirations symbolized by the Stars and Stripes ; but for all that he was a Welshman to the core. He never forgot the rock from which he was hewn. His changed relations and his new and widened fellowships did not estrange his sympathies from those who bore the stamp of the old Celtic quarry, however rough and unpolished they chanced to be. "The Dick Shon Davidd" spirit, which has made so many Welshmen despicable, was as far removed from him as the poles are from the equator. He had a nature large enough and noble enough to receive into his fellowship good men of every type and of every nationality, but none had a more ready *entrée* to his confidence, and none were accorded a warmer place in his affections, than those who had first seen the light among the hills of his native land.

His heart responded quickly to the touch of human brotherhood, and made fast friends of all varieties of men and women ; but those who got nearest the center of his being and held him in the most congenial captivity were Welshmen. This is no disparagement of his character as a broad-

visioned, free-spirited cosmopolitan. It indicates that his affinities were orbific, but that they radiated from the true center. A man is not less a valuable citizen because he loves his home with especial tenderness, but rather the reverse. Nor is he less an American because he has a special fondness for those of his own nationality who have proven worthy of his regard.

Dr. Fred Evans gave manifold evidence of the strength and spontaneity of his Cymric affinities during all the years in which he ministered to English-speaking churches. He had large and exacting fields of labor—fields that must have taxed his energies often to the utmost limit of endurance. And yet he managed to command sufficient time to render most valuable services to his Welsh brethren all over the land. It is safe to say that no other man on this continent preached so frequently at dedications and Associations, and lectured so often in places situated at all points of the compass where Welsh communities are found.

That he was able to do so much work of this sort, and yet meet the ever-pressing demands of his pastorates, has been an insoluble mystery to those of us who have some slight knowledge of what it means. He seemed to find his relaxation in this

novel way. Instead of being a toil to him it was a pleasure. The very atmosphere of a Welsh assembly, with its glow and fire, was an exhilaration that rather invigorated than wearied him. He would travel five hundred or a thousand miles, preach and lecture half a dozen times, and return home as fresh and buoyant as if he had just been on a pleasure trip to the mountains or the sea. He refreshed himself in the sparkling currents of intellectual and emotional enthusiasm, which his own geniality and eloquence had caused to flow. He was never more in his element than when addressing a congregation of his countrymen, and they never failed to yield themselves to the spell of his enchantment. His popularity among them was not surpassed by that of any other preacher in the land, and he, I believe, made it conscientiously tributary to such results as ministered most surely to their edification and upbuilding.

Nor was it only in the pulpit and on the platform, but also through the press that he rendered services to his nationality, that will keep his memory fragrant in their hearts. He wielded the pen of a ready and incisive writer. His articles in the "Wawr," the "Drch," and the "Wasg" were frequent all through the years. They were never

heavy, but they were always helpful and informing. He had the ability of being profound without being dull, sparkling without being coarse, and sarcastic without leaving a barbed arrow quivering in the flesh. Nothing that he ever wrote to the Welsh press remained unread. He always chose topics of living interest, he treated them with the insight of a philosopher, the quick touch of an artist, and with a charming native humor which served to make them the most palatable things imaginable to the hard-working sons of toil. I have known instances in which miners, with begrimed faces and dusty garments, finding that the weekly magazine had come and that Doctor Evans had a contribution in it, deferred emerging from their uncongenial surroundings until they had devoured what he had to say. Like his own personality his contributions were ministries of light and hope and blessing. He never wrote a dull sentence that I have ever seen, nor did he touch a subject without irradiating it.

I have written enough to indicate the place Doctor Evans filled among his fellow-countrymen in this broad land. He loved them well and served them with a devotion and efficiency that cannot be adequately expressed. It is more than probable that his sudden breakdown in the prime of his man-

hood was due, in some degree, to the lavish expenditure of vitality that all these services must have entailed. Welshmen owe to him a debt of gratitude and admiration that they will not soon forget. It was fitting that a prize of fifty dollars should have been offered at the Milwaukee Eisteddfod (New Year's Day) of 1899 for the best poem to his memory, and it is gratifying to be assured that the one that took the prize, and which appears as a part of this memorial, is a veritable gem.

JOHN T. GRIFFITH.

XI

HIS RELATIONS TO HIS MINISTERIAL
BRETHREN

“If a man be gracious to strangers (as well as to his friends) it shows that he is a citizen of the world and his heart is no island cut off from other islands, but a continent that joins them.”

—*Bacon*

“Breaking through the chills of ceremony and selfishness and thawing every heart into a flow.”

—*Washington Irving*

XI



J. J. MUIR

My acquaintance with Dr. Fred Evans began while he was pastor in New York City, and from that time, especially through those years of close intimacy when both of us were settled in Philadelphia, I had the opportunity of observing how he regarded his brethren

in the ministry and they him.

But I may be permitted, before referring directly to this subject, to record my high esteem for one whose friendship I valued and whose confidence I gladly reciprocated. It was my privilege to enjoy happy intercourse with him. We ate, we slept, we traveled, we took sweet counsel together. Numerous were our interviews and many our associations, and yet in not one of them was there the slightest misunderstanding, nor over any of them was there ever cast a shadow. While with multitudes I

mourn his death, I nevertheless thank God that I knew and loved him.

With this humble tribute to his memory, and lest I should touch on ground to be occupied by others, I hasten to address myself to the particular part assigned to me.

Among the characteristics which distinguished his relations with his brethren in the ministry, the following deserve special mention :

1. His sincerity. According to etymologists, the word sincere is derived from the Latin, *sine cera*, meaning without wax. In the erection of buildings constructed of marble, it not infrequently happens that stone is chipped. When this occurred among the Romans, a dishonest workman would attempt to make good the defect by filling the break with a kind of cement called wax, resembling marble. The deception was likely to escape detection until in process of time it was exposed by the discoloration of the wax. Hence, to provide against such practices, it was necessary to insert into some building contracts a clause stipulating that the work should be done *sine cera*. An honest edifice was demanded.

A sincere life then is one which is most real through and through. It is not one of pretensions

or artificiality, is not made up for the occasion. In all its phases and associations it is genuine and true. He who would sustain noblest relations in life must be every whit a man. This was the case with our brother. Those who knew him best can testify to the sincerity of his ministerial fellowships. None would ever think of charging him with duplicity, or of attributing to him motives that were incompatible with a high regard for the fraternity of which he was an honored member. In conference, in council, in companionship, he was frank and straightforward, never double-tongued or double-minded. Every one was conscious that Doctor Evans could not play a mean or doubtful part. In the club, for he belonged to that choice company known as the Decemviri, which enrolled during its history some of Philadelphia's most worthy pastors, his ingenuousness of character proved him to be a brother beloved in whom there was no guile. His very hand-grasp, so strong and hearty, evidenced not only the geniality of his disposition, but the sincerity of his nature. I never knew him to betray a confidence nor to violate a trust. In all his intercourse with his brethren he avoided everything that savored of the professional, the mechanical, and especially the hypocritical.

In a word, he was a true man, loyal to all the relations and duties which bound him to the ministry, so that not only the father in Israel, but the young men just entering the work, felt that he was one on whom they could rely in emergency and one who was above deceit.

2. He was sympathetic. Ministers have certain trials and difficulties which only those similarly circumstanced can understand, and it sometimes happens that even among themselves sympathy of the kind needed is not always forthcoming. Not every minister can enter properly into the feelings and understand the peculiar environment of every other one. Those who are really qualified to be sons of consolation to pastors who are carrying heavy burdens and perchance are growing weary because of the way, are comparatively few. We cannot be too grateful for those choice spirits who can weep with those who weep and rejoice with those who rejoice amid the anxieties and responsibilities of ministerial life. Doctor Evans was one of them. His sunshiny face, his cordial manner, and hearty greeting constituted an invitation to his brethren to tell him their troubles and seek his aid. His cheerfulness was contagious. It "melted the ice all out of the air" and was the means of chasing

dull care away from not a few who made him their confidant. I have known him to put himself to a great deal of inconvenience to serve a brother, and at the cost of time, labor, and money to show his practical concern for those struggling against great odds. He preached and lectured in aid of feeble interests, often not only giving his services gratuitously, but even paying his own expenses. There are pastors who owe him a debt of gratitude for the help he gladly tendered to them and their churches in seasons of need. There were times when he found his confidence misplaced, but this did not lessen his regard nor blunt his sympathy for those who toiled amid discouragements and in trying circumstances to do the Lord's work. He was indeed "a friend for adversity" to many brethren in the ministry.

3. He was most considerate of his brethren. Their reputation, their feelings, were jealously guarded. He possessed the milk of human kindness. There was neither vitriol nor vinegar in his composition. He seemed intended to be an evangel of good-will and peace. Controversy he disliked, especially if it was likely to develop bitterness in thought or expression. I can recall occasions when he exhibited the kindness of his disposition

and his consideration of others as in some happy, good-natured way he sought to allay rising strife, or to turn aside the shaft which some injudicious or contentious person had aimed at the character or work of a brother minister. He felt that life was too short, especially for ministers, to indulge in anything that might produce alienation or engender discord among themselves.

As I review my intimacy with him, even in our most confidential moments I do not remember a single instance when he spoke harshly or bitterly of any of his brethren. I have known him to exercise great circumspection in speech lest he should create a wrong impression about some minister or lead to a prejudice that might not be well founded. He aimed to think no evil, but to hope for the best, even when charity might seem to be no longer a virtue. This element in his ministerial relations requires particular emphasis. Unfortunately it sometimes happens that petty jealousies arise, little suspicions are hinted at, unlovely things are said or done which reflect upon the good name and standing of a brother. Some of the Lord's servants have suffered most unjustly by the innuendo or slighting comment of one or another of those who ought to have been most loyal guardians of

their good name. Ministers ought to stand by each other ; and with that lofty regard for the fraternity to which they belong, carefully conserve one another's interests and reputation, and receive an accusation against one of their number only on strong, unimpeachable testimony. No man should be condemned on mere rumor or gossip. When charges against a minister were preferred in the presence of Doctor Evans, or before any council of investigation of which he was a member, he was solicitous to learn what the facts were and also whether there were any extenuating circumstances, provided the charges were proven. He always inclined to the side of mercy. There may have been times when he was tempted to be over-indulgent to the wayward, but one would better err in that than in the opposite direction. In this respect he is worthy of imitation.

4. He loved his brethren. That was the secret of all his thought and desire for them. Wherever he met them or whatever service he rendered them that fact was manifest.

He was loved in return. As one familiarly expressed it, "Every one loved Fred Evans." His genial, whole-souled, nature won for him a large place in all hearts. Many rise up and call him

blessed. But above and beyond his love for his brethren was his love for his Lord, whose gospel he delighted to preach and magnify.

Though we miss "the touch of the vanished hand and the sound of the voice that is still," we anticipate the period when the day shall break and the shadows flee away, and we shall greet him in the land where the broken threads of earth's holiest friendships shall be reunited never again to be severed. Till then we wait, we labor, we hope.

J. J. MUIR.

XII

COMRADESHIP

“That inexhaustible good nature which is the most precious gift of heaven, spreading itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought and keeping the mind smooth and equable in the roughest weather.”

—*Washington Irving*

“How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.”

—*Old Testament*

XII

THE palace of the soul has many a delightful apartment, which opens only to the touch of love. There is the hospitality of the kitchen, and of the reception halls, to which the multitudes are welcomed, but the hospitality which throws the whole mansion open without reservation, which lays its richest treasures under contribution and commands its most cordial and unselfish ministries, are accorded only to the few.

What is known as comradeship implies an interchange of soul in which there is no suspicion or disguise, in which there is the most perfect abandonment to all the unrestrained intimacies of affection, in which there is a glad and eager responsiveness to all that is dominant in each other's thought and life, in which ambitions and pursuits, hopes and fears, disappointments and triumphs, awaken the echoes of a mutual sympathy.

Doctor Evans and I were comrades. When we met it gave a new zest to existence. When distance separated us we had a sacred joy in knowing that the same sky overarched us. We drank at the

fountains of a common inspiration. Life had a



DOCTOR FRED EVANS—AS A COMRADE

richer meaning because it was shared together, and

now that death has separated us by a wider distance, there has been left lingering reminiscences that awaken yearnings for those fellowships in which all that was true and sweet and strong on earth shall yet blossom in a sunnier clime.

As I write these lines there rises before me a never-to-be-forgotten form, lithe, radiant, quick-eyed, exuberant. I see him as he appeared in many a scene of delightful fellowship. I hear his merry laugh. I listen to the familiar accents of that rich voice as it held delighted audiences in rapt and eager interest. Our trips together over land and on the sea are fruitful in reminiscences of sparkling humor and unbounded resourcefulness of geniality. As a companion in travel he could rarely be excelled. He was exquisitely responsive to the play of circumstances, to the charms of nature, to the eccentricities of society, and indeed to whatever could minister either to instruction or amusement.

The longest trip we ever took together was across the Atlantic to our native land, and from thence to London, Paris, Brussels, and Amsterdam, and back again to Wales. It was a vacation brimming over with good-fellowship. It was a refreshment to both body and mind. Never for

a moment were we at cross purposes. Our interests seemed to blend so perfectly that what one suggested the other desired. The acquiescence of each to the other's slightest wish made our pursuit of pleasure a gratifying delight which lingers in the memory like an enchantment. His exuberance was contagious. On board ship, on the top of an omnibus, mingling with the eager crowd of sight-seers, anywhere and everywhere, he soon became the center of interest and attraction. His mobile countenance, his luminous eye, his flowing hair, his perennial good-humor, broke down every barrier of conventionality and opened avenues of intercourse and good-fellowship that to the ordinary stranger would have been stolidly denied. He could, I verily believe, if he so desired, find his way into any society without invitation and meet with a hearty welcome. He had a charm of personality that was irresistibly attractive. It added immensely to the piquancy of travel to have him for companion.

And then the occasional meetings amid the stress and strain of intense and laborious lives, how refreshing they were ! They were like oases in the wilderness ; our hearts leaped in anticipation of them. The murky atmosphere that may have

gathered around our spirits gave place to the all-irradiating sunshine as we thus communed with



WILLIAM EDWARDS

J. GOMER LEWIS

J. W. WILLIAMS

B. D. THOMAS

each other by the way. The recognition of the eye takes in a great multitude, but the recognition of the heart only the few. There is nothing that

appeals more pathetically to my deepest sensibilities than the fact that this charmed circle of intimates is being ruthlessly broken into by the inexorable hand of death. The ravages of the last few years in this garden of my delights has been depressing.

Men drop so fast ere life's mid-stage we tread,
Few know as many friends alive as dead.

Were it not for the hopes that grasp the eternal future and for the faith that sees the invisible we should be forlorn indeed.

Comradeship is based on character. "How can two walk together except they be agreed?" However widely separated in respect of temperament or attainments, there must be a common ground of fellowship. The gravitation of the soul is sympathy, and before there can be sympathy there must be a recognition of qualities that more than command respect. A man cannot really come into another's life if there be not affinity in respect to the controlling principles of character. Doctor Evans was a true man. He did not assume to be what he was not. He hated shams. His ideal of godliness was not of the sombre or funereal type, but it was genuine for all. The surface currents

were not always such as to please the fastidious ; but they were the outplay of his natural exuberance rather than indications of superficial piety. His spiritual life was neither meagre in volume nor uncertain in its flow. If there was one thing above another that made our comradeship so heart-strong and enduring it was that the Christ of God was in the midst, and that the master impulse of each other's life was to extend the glory of his name.

The last time I saw him was in the old home in Llandybie. It was evident that the end was not far distant. The strong frame had broken under the strain and tension of his busy life. The bright manhood had become enshrouded in a haze that sometimes for a few moments lifted and then settled down again like the pall of night. Now the eye beamed with intelligence and the voice had its old familiar ring, but alas, only for an instant. My soul exclaimed as I looked upon him, "How is the strong staff broken and the beautiful rod." I felt, as I stood beside that bed where my friend lay in the grip of a fell disease, as I never did before, how utterly evanescent are those gifts and graces which we most highly prize. What is our pride and glory and praise? Nothing, less than nothing,—vanity, unless consecrated to higher uses,

and destined to find their fuller realizations in a life beyond the grave.

Surely all this geniality of soul has not been quenched forever, this sparkling life of eager enthusiasms has not gone out never to be resuscitated, these brilliant hopes and glowing affections are not like withered leaves carried by the winds of fate into an everlasting oblivion. Nay, nay, it cannot be. This would be mockery indeed. We look confidently for the fulfillment of our brightest hopes, and the realization of our loftiest ideals, and the satisfaction of our profoundest longings. The morning cometh. Of all my old comrades in the faith and fellowship of Jesus Christ, of all the sainted ones who have passed into the unseen, of all who have come into my life with benediction, of the genial soul for whom this little volume is a slight memorial, I can say with joyful confidence, Farewell, I shall see you in the morning.

B. D. THOMAS.

XIII

HIS HOME LIFE

“To Adam paradise was nome. To the good among
his descendants home is paradise.”

—*Hare*



THE FAMILY GROUP.

XIII



THE many qualities, social, intellectual, and temperamental, which made the public life of my father one of achievement and success, were no less abundantly displayed in his own home and at the family fireside. Gifted by nature with a warm and sympathetic disposition, he found

the fullest exercise of it among the members of his family. His church and his home were the centers of his activity, and these were closely bound together throughout his career by the dominating thought which made them the object of his work and of his love.

He was married while very young, fresh from his studies at college, full of enthusiasm and energy, and alive to all the influences which inspire a young man of purpose and ambition. To his first charge at Llangynidr he took his young bride, Miss Frances

Williams, a daughter of John Williams, Esq., of Brecknockshire, a substantial citizen, of sturdy stock, and a member of an old and respected family of that county. The young wife brought no less of zeal and enthusiasm to the work which was opening up before the young couple, and throughout a period of over thirty years her devotion never faltered through the changes which three decades were destined to bring, until the pathetic close of a career, which began so auspiciously, developed so amply, and terminated in all the pathos of a seemingly uncompleted life. Never in all the years, and in all that he ever undertook, was he without the aid, companionship, and support of his wife, who was with him in the closing scenes of his life as she was when they started on the joint journey, which ended as it began, in the land of his birth, the beloved country of his never-ceasing affection.

The little family grew with the increase of years until seven sons and two daughters made up the home circle which was so dear to him and to them. Around this group his life revolved, and his whole career was one effort to promote its happiness and comfort, to provide for its wants and to stimulate its growth ; and his reward was to receive such payment and gratitude as only a father can expect and

children give. He turned from the activities of his public life to find a new energy and a new stimulus in the influences that radiated from the home. His bright and sunny nature diffused its warmest glow at home, and there his inexhaustible supply of spirits and his wealth of fun were poured out in abundance. With such an example, with a nature so genial, a humor so pervasive, a mind so alert and keen, and an affection so strong and resourceful, the home was at all times bright and cheerful, and something of his own sweet, lovable nature permeated the atmosphere.

But his home was more than this. It was the manse, the parsonage, the office open at all times, by day and by night, to the people of his flock, to his friends, his fellow-citizens, and to his countrymen of Wales, who were always sure of a warm and affectionate greeting. The home was, in a special sense, the mainspring of much of the religious and social life of the parish. Here the pastor could be seen at any time, and hither those who brought tidings of joy or of sorrow came for the sympathy and support which they were always sure of receiving.

His favorite spot was his library, where he spent a great deal of his time, surrounded by the silent com-

panions whose influence upon him was so marked. Always a lover of books, he gathered about him a library such as few pastors had, rich in general literature, the classics of the ancients and moderns, and particularly so in the literature of religion and the Bible. He was devoted to Shakespeare and Milton and to the works of the poets, whom he loved to quote from when occasion offered. The sermons of Spurgeon especially stimulated him, and his own Celtic literature, in both prose and poetry, never lost its powerful attraction for him. Few men knew more of the achievements and traditions of the Welsh people. He was an omnivorous reader, and his mind was well stored not only with the general knowledge that comes from all manner of acquisition, but with that specialized intelligence which marks the student and the lover of good books. His vacations were never seasons of mental lassitude, for he took with him either old favorites or some new books that claimed attention, and this made even his days of relaxation minister to his mental furnishing. This was especially the case with his numerous ocean voyages. In more senses than one, therefore, his vacations were of great benefit, for they ministered not only to his body, but also to his mind.

Naturally, to a man so intellectually alert and broadly intelligent, the value of educating his family appealed with persuasive force. This important work he undertook, not merely by providing his children with the best educational advantages that could be obtained, but also by adding the inspiration of his own deep interest and supervision. He was a great believer in our public school system, and every one of his children received the benefits of such a training. He went farther than that, however, and gave to each of them, so far as lay within his power and with such sacrifice as only a noble nature can make, the inestimable advantages of the higher education in advanced schools and colleges. He lived to see each one of his children thoroughly equipped for the larger activities and demands of life, and he often said that this was the best investment he had ever made.

In his home he was the father, the head of the family, kind, gentle, sympathetic, but at all times the ruler, and when necessary, the strict disciplinarian. He had old-fashioned ideas as to the place the father should occupy in the family scheme, and he never allowed himself to be dislodged from that position. For the training and discipline which flowed from that conception of

parental responsibility his children will never cease to be thankful, even though at times the younger intelligence imagined that it was far superior to the knowledge, the experience, and the wisdom of the more matured mind.

He was affectionate to his family and his kin, and never for an instant were their needs, or even their desires, unheeded. He was at all times helpful and sympathetic, wise in advice, strong in counsel, and generous to a degree that knew no limit save that beyond which it was not possible to go. To the ambitions of his children he was ever responsive, encouraging them in every way that practical experience and paternal sympathy could suggest, and all this he did willingly and ungrudgingly.

Devoutly, sincerely, and practically religious, he was an inspiration and an example to his household and to those with whom he came in contact; his convictions on religious subjects were strong and unswerving, always the guide of his conduct and actions. He was too generous and too broad-minded to impose upon his children or upon any one his own beliefs against their will or judgment. His influence was of the most direct kind, sincere and unstudied, exerting itself rather in the form of

a noble example than by authoritative commands. He portrayed the religious life as a vital, animating, every-day rule of conduct, full of sweetness and light, and not as something harsh and repelling.

As he was with his family in the home life, so was he with the people of his pastoral care, and with the larger public among whom he lived. It was by the force of such an example that he endeared himself to all classes of people in the communities in which he labored. No narrow prejudices of creed or color, of race or religion, were permitted to contract the power for good with which he was so generously endowed.

He loved music in all its forms, especially the music of his beloved Wales. He loved art and poetry, and the poetic and the artistic aspects of life. He loved his native Wales, and also the land of his adoption. He was intensely American in every fibre of his being, and the United States was as truly the land of his heart's affection as if he had been born on American soil. He loved to contemplate the careers and character of great Americans—Washington, Lincoln, Franklin, Grant, Sherman, Garfield, and Blaine, and to dwell upon the history and achievements of the republic toward which in his boyhood days his

ambition and desire were already leading his steps. The love of liberty, which came to him from his Welsh ancestry, grew stronger with the development of his life among the American people; and unquestioned as was his loyalty to the United States, he never forgot Wales and the Welsh. He was an ardent Republican, never swerving from his devotion to that party and the principles for which it stood, and in many a campaign he took an active part, particularly among the Welsh-Americans, among whom his influence was widely felt. On more than one occasion recognition of his political services was made through the offer of appointment, here and abroad, but his career ended, as it began, in the ministry of the church.

The pathetic closing of his life brought into full relief the sweetest and tenderest qualities of a career ennobled by unswerving devotion to his family, his friends, his country, and his God, and with the passing away of the father, friend, patriot, and pastor, there was left a heritage rich beyond compare, glorious in its influences, inspiring in its teachings, and sacred by association with that divine example which from early youth it was his ambition to emulate.

FREDERICK EVANS.

XIV

THE GATHERING CLOUDS AND THE
EARLY SUNSET

“The realm of death seems an enemy’s country to most men, on whose shores they are loathly driven by stress of weather; to the wise man it is the desired port where he moors his bark gladly as in some quiet haven of the Fortunate Isles. It is the golden west into which his sun sinks and sinking casts back a glory upon the leaden cloud-rack which had darkly besieged his day.”

—*Lowell*

XIV



THE *late* Doctor Evans; how difficult it is to think it! His seemingly premature death appears to us a mystery. We do not pretend to understand it. We know so little of the larger meanings of life that wisdom can only exhibit itself in patient and confident waiting for the evolution of God's purposes. We rest in the assurance that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." The departed is gone, but not to oblivion. Death is not annihilation, it is only a change in the mode of being. To the Christian it is a graduation into a higher and larger life.

There was a man appointed to take charge of a lighthouse in one of the northern seas. He erected a bell on a tower to warn the sailors of a dangerous

reef. The man died, but the bell continued to be tolled by the force of the elements. He of whom I write has been called from the tower from which he faithfully warned his imperiled fellows, but solemnly and sweetly in our memories and in our hearts the bell rings on. "He being dead yet speaketh."

My initial acquaintanceship with Doctor Evans was in the year 1860. We met at Drefach, my home in Carmarthenshire. I was then a lad residing with my parents. He was a student of Pontypool College, and on a collecting tour for that institution. The late Myfyr Emlyn, at that time the pastor elect of New Castle Emlyn and Drefach, accompanied him. "Ednyfed" preached in Drefach Chapel, his subject being "The rich man and Lazarus." The discourse was picturesque and pointed. It made a profound impression upon my mind, an impression that remains with me to this day. Then, as ever to the end of life, he was buoyant and brilliant, serene and sunny, calm and cheerful, with a wonderful faculty for looking at the bright side of things.

He was a child of nature at her best. Her glory and exuberance entered into his soul. He reveled in them with delight, and was himself the best in-

carnation that I have known of all that they suggest. The perfection of the flower consists not in gorgeous coloring, nor in exquisite fragrance, but in a combination of those rare qualities which make the object that delights the eye at the same time ravish the sensibilities. What is essential to the highest perfection in a flower is equally so in the individual, and there are few in whom this delightful harmony of innate excellencies found more complete exemplification than in Doctor Evans. He had a warm heart as well as a handsome countenance. He was not a mere statue, but a living, breathing, inspiring personality.

In Eastern poetry we are told of a wondrous tree on which grew golden apples and silver bells. Every time the breeze went by and tossed the fragrant branches a shower of these golden apples fell, and the bells chimed forth their airy melody. The character and ministry of our brother were very much like that. When the south winds of the Spirit swept through the branches of his soul there was a shaking of mellow fruits and the emitting of delightful odors and the outflow of sweetest music. Many will not soon forget occasions when the best that was in him of sweetness and of power were called forth in this way.

His life was full of earnest ministry for others,
It was a quick and lovable response to the sacred
principles of philanthropy so charmingly described
by the poet :

No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
No gem, that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising sun, that gilds the vernal morn—
Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows
Down virtue's manly cheek for other's woes.

Alas, little did I imagine that a life so rich in vigor, vivacity, and virtue, would so soon be brought to an abrupt close. Noon was rapidly followed by night. In January, 1896, his health gave way. In accordance with medical advice, he crossed the Atlantic on a visit to his native Wales. He came to Swansea as he always did. I accompanied him to the Welsh Baptist Association at Morriston, where the Conference passed a vote of sympathy with him in his affliction. He responded with tears. Subsequently he attended the Breconshire Baptist Association, at Maesyberllan, where another vote of sympathy was passed. He replied in a few broken sentences.

During his stay at Swansea he was present at a communion service at Gomer Chapel, and spoke a

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WHERE HE DIED—LLANDYBIE.

few words with thrilling effect. I remarked in my address that I was profoundly sorry to find the tongue which so charmed us with its eloquence in days past now so feeble and faltering. From Swansea he went to Criccieth, North Wales, on a visit to the relatives of Mrs. Evans. He returned much improved in health. He subsequently accompanied some friends to Scotland. While there he grew suddenly worse and this compelled his friends to return with him at once. He was brought to his father's house at Llandybie, Carmarthenshire. His mother, who was a woman of heroic faith and devoted piety, had died some years since. I visited him on several occasions. One morning I said to him, "How are you, Fred?" He replied, "Not well. I am hoarse. I am not equal to-day for the ten o'clock service, but only for the seven o'clock early service."

He was frequently visited by Madam Martha Harries, Pantyffynon, the charming Welsh songstress, whom he would ask to sing to him. "Sing," said he

"Beth sydd i mi yn y byd,
Ond gorthymder mawr o hyd."

"Sing 'Rock of Ages.'"

There was a picture entitled "Rock of Ages" suspended on the wall of the room opposite his bed. Said he one day, to his wife, "Bring the



HIS SISTER—MARY PAINTER

picture nearer to me. I have rested upon that rock. Tell my children to rest upon the same foundation."

On one occasion when Madam Harries had sung to him, he said : " Madam, there are no angels in heaven to-day, they are all hovering around here. They will come some day to fetch me home."

The Rev. Joshua Williams, Baptist minister at Llandybie, was often at his bedside, doing all he could to comfort him. His dear wife and good sister were to him an unfailing support, never knowing weariness or impatience through all the weary months. Other loved ones too, like guardian angels, succored him until the final separation came.

Our brother passed away in the sunshine of his Heavenly Father's smile. He enjoyed foretastes of unseen felicities. The voyager knows he is approaching the land to which he sails by the sea weed that floats upon the wave and the birds that hover about the ship, and in some instances by the fragrance of the groves and flowers that is borne upon the breezes. So our beloved one caught the fragrance of the country to which he was drawing near, and ere the gates of the celestial city were thrown open some rays of the glory shone through and fell upon his spirit. He looked upward and had visions of unseen splendor ; " The gates of pearl, the sapphire throne, the crystal river, and the white-robed multitude."

Sunset on earth was sunrise in heaven.

Thrice welcome death
That after many a painful, bleeding step
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long wished-for shore. All thanks to him
Who scourged the venom out ! Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace ! How calm his exit !
Night dews fall not more gently to the ground
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.

By unperceived degrees he wears away,
Yet, like the sun, seems largest at his setting.

JOHN GOMER LEWIS.

XV

FRAGMENTS FROM HIS STUDY

“ He being dead yet speaketh.”

—*New Testament*

XV



DR. FRED EVANS

MORE texts
are taken *Thanksgiving*
from the *Day, 1892*
Psalms for Thanksgiv-
ing sermons, than from
any other portion of
God's book; and in
times of humiliation and
sorrow, a preacher may
find more appropriate texts
here than elsewhere. It is

the book of mourning and of singing; a volume of tears and of smiles; of weeping and rejoicing. Some portions of every page are moistened with tears, and some parts are radiant with smiles. Some strains of the great anthem are in the major key, and some are in the minor. David relates our experiences, sings our songs, weeps our lamentations; and on this Thanksgiving Day I can find no words more appropriate than those of my text: "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High;

to shew forth thy loving kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night" (Ps. 92 : 1, 2).

Why should we render thanks unto God?

I. BECAUSE OUR SITUATION IS PLEASANT AND OUR SURROUNDINGS FAVORABLE.

The sun is warm, the atmosphere is pure, the sky is clear, the smile is broad, and the laugh is hearty. The eye of the laborer is bright, the hand of the workman is busy, and the homes of toil are cheerful. The philosophy of hard times is a mysterious subject, it is a problem not easily solved. When the warm sun of the spring melts the snow of the winter and unlocks the arms of Jack Frost, we care but very little about comprehending everything which pertains to the formation of the snow, or to the light and heat of the sun; and when the warm sun of prosperity turns the winter of hard times into the glorious summer of prosperity, the philosophy of hard times gives us but very little uneasiness and trouble. There is only one party in our country that knows everything about these things, and understands thoroughly all about the why and wherefore of hard times, and that is the party which is "not in power." Not being in power, their eyes are not dim, and their vision is

wonderfully clear. A person might think that all parties *not in power* are made of pure and angelic beings, beings that have nothing but the unadulterated good of the people in view. Their language always is "put us in power, give us your votes, and prosperity shall reign from Maine to Florida, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

In a cool moment, some years hence, the philosophy of hard times will be thoroughly understood. The prodigal son understood the subject. Famine *must* follow extravagance, and what is true of the individual is also true of a nation. We see it in the history of the empires which have been swept away from the face of the earth. Panics and failures create lack of confidence, economy and thrift create confidence. This has come to pass, and for it we thank God. The anvil rings, the furnace is aglow, the forge is busy, the hammer is active, the looms are diligent, and we live in prosperous days. Everything will go on well, if only men of wild theories and cranky notions would keep quiet, and wild-cat speculators and dealers in highly colored dreams would only vanish from the land. Activity is everywhere. Our rivers and seas are white with the canvas of commerce; our wharves and storehouses resound with the music of labor, and our

streets are alive with men, who are diligent in business. Pestilence has been at our door ; the dreaded cholera has been at our gates, but, by care and the blessing of God it has had no admission into our fair land. God has been truly good unto us, and we can lift up our voices and sing :

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite,
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light ;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

We should give thanks because :

II. OUR COUNTRY IS NOT YET GIVEN UP TO PROFESSIONAL POLITICIANS.

All honor to the true politician ! We cannot live without him. Law and order would amount to but little without him, but may the good Lord deliver us from the tricky professional politician, the man who is a politician merely because it puts money in his purse, because it helps him to grind his own axe, and the nose of his opponent in the bargain, and opens many ways whereby he can benefit himself. A politician who looks upon his office as a money-making expedient is to be detested and treated as a loathsome leper, who should always be kept far from the habitations of men.

It was asked a sexton in Scotland, "What is baptism?" He replied, "It is sixpence to me and fifteen pence for the precentor." Ask the professional ward politician, "What is statesmanship?" and the reply, if honest, would be, "A fat office for myself, and a less fat one for my friend Jack." This despicable character may profess a great deal of patriotism, may speak with seeming pride of Plymouth Rock and the Pilgrim Fathers, may sing with apparent earnestness the "Star Spangled Banner," but all this time, he is the cancer that eats up the very life of the country, the poison that runs through the national blood, and the pestilence that walks at noon and night through the land; but it is a matter of thanksgiving this very day that our country is not given up to this sort of thing. There are forces, mighty forces, glorious forces at work, which will keep the republic; *forces* which are like the waves of the sea that beat upon the shore; no scheme can keep them back, no pope can keep them down, no power can keep them still. They are silent forces, and being divinely silent, they are divinely powerful. The small politician looks to the next election, the honorable statesman looks to the next generation.

Our form of government is simple, and in its

simplicity lies its strength to a great degree. One man at the head can never make a strong government. Make the people free, intelligent, honest, manly, and you have a strong government. Crowd out the wily politicians with men, sun-crowned men, men who love humanity, men with the milk of human kindness in their breasts, tall men, who breathe the air of heaven's high lands, and our republic will be grand and sublime.

God give us men ! a time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands ;
Men, whom the lust of office does not kill ;
Men, whom the spoils of office cannot buy ;
Men, who possess opinions and a will ;
Men, who have honor ; men, who will not lie ;
Men, who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking ;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.

This is the great need of our country. We do not want powdered, painted, and padded humanity. We want national greatness ; and this means truth, honesty, mercy, and justice, in all their native simplicity as they started on their journey from the throne of Jehovah. Without this, public and private corruption will shed its withering blight over

all the splendor of our civilization, undermine the very foundations of the glorious institutions of our republic, and lay the whole superstructure in degradation. We have had truth, justice, and honor in our country, or our country would have been a wreck; we have them still, and by the help of God we mean to keep them.

I know the ballot box is not so sacred as it should be, and is not safe in the hands of ignorant and coarse men. A young intelligent man, born in this country, if only twenty years of age the day of election, cannot vote, but a man who comes here from the lands of tyranny, superstition, and ignorance, a man who cannot read or write, a man who knows nothing of our institutions, if he has been here for five years, *can*, providing he has his citizenship papers. In the hands of such people our free institutions are not safe, our public schools are not stable, and our liberties are not secure. Despotism is necessary, but not for free people. It is necessary for the wolf, but not for the lamb; it is necessary for the hawk, but not for the dove; it is necessary for the wild beast, but not for the free man. England, though a monarchy, is a free country, as free every whit as ours. What makes it free? The power of truth. What makes Wales

free? A free Bible. What makes Scotland free? The truth. What clouds Ireland, especially the southern part of it? It is under the same form of government, but ignorance is more dense there, and ignorance always follows in the steps of priestcraft. Everything that tends to nourish this hydra-headed monster ought to be crushed under the heel of free and universal, but unsectarian, education. Some sections of our country seem to be in its grasp, but thanks be unto God, our republic is not in its grasp. Bring religion into politics, but for heaven's sake, keep politics out of religion! For the sake of the country and for the sake of all that is true, noble, and divine, let sectarianism be kept away from the seat of our government; yes, kept as far from it as the east is from the west. Would to God that the slimy serpent of sectarianism had been strangled and hurled into its home, the depths of perdition, long, long ago. Religion will purify politics, but sectarianism will corrupt them. We have no Church and State, and for this we give God thanks most heartily. Let us also thank him that our country is not yet given up to professional politicians; that it is still "the government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

We should give thanks because :

III. OUR COUNTRY, ON ACCOUNT OF ITS WONDERFUL RESOURCES, CANNOT BE CONTROLLED BY DREAMERS AND MERE SPECULATORS.

Our country is too big to be packed away in vaults. Our vast territory is united, and its vastness is almost beyond comprehension. Texas could wear Germany as an ulster without complaining that it was too long ; California is as large as Turkey and Greece. Our own Keystone State is three times as large as Switzerland ; Nevada is as large as Italy ; Florida could easily manage Scotland for a meal, and that would be almost an oatmeal. Ohio is as large as Ireland, with eighteen thousand square miles to spare for an extra potato crop. Georgia is as large as England and Wales. Kentucky is as large as, yea, larger than Portugal ; West Virginia is larger than Greece. We have no deserts, but have eleven million square miles of arable lands. In Europe, they eat our cheese, devour our meat, feast upon our canned goods, wear our cotton, plow with our plows, and reap with our reapers. America must, to a very great extent, become the feeder of Europe. With such a vast territory, she can and she ought and she will. The possibilities of such a country are almost infinite and

the resources are almost boundless. We have enough room for the population of the whole globe, and then it would not be thicker than that of Great Britain to-day. This vast territory is intersected by a network of railroads, canals, navigable rivers, bays, and lakes. It is surrounded by a seacoast which is unlimited. And a country whose lakes are seas, whose mountains are coal, whose hills are iron, whose rocks give oil, whose rivers are white with sails, whose lakes are plowed by mighty steamers, whose valleys groan under abundant harvests, whose towns and villages and hamlets are studded with churches and public schools and institutions of learning, and whose motto is, "In God we trust"—I say such a country cannot be in the hands of speculators; such a country cannot be under the control of gamblers. It is destined to be the storehouse of the nations. God has given us an abundant harvest. To him give thanks.

Truly God has crowned the year with his goodness; and what a crown it is! The crowns of kings and queens are like gaudy toys by its side. Its gems shine with untold brightness, reflecting, all of them, the goodness of the Lord. The reins are not in the hands of dreamers and gamblers. The

Lord reigns, and he is King indeed. The place of the United States among the nations of the world is an honorable and an influential one. Jonathan is young, but he is respectable, and next year will hold a reception, in the city of Chicago, for the whole civilized world.

Columbia ! see what thou art now :
 A crown of stars on nature's brow,
 With fields of gold and teeming marts,
 With sixty million loving hearts,
 Who cling to thee from sea to sea
 To guard thy peace and liberty.

Our ancestors believed in the God of battles, we believe in the Prince of Peace and the God of Nations.

We should give thanks because :

IV. OUR COUNTRY IS PRE-EMINENTLY A CHRISTIAN COUNTRY.

We have a Christian President,¹ who, during the great bereavement through which he has passed knew in whom to trust, and when his beloved and excellent Christian wife passed through the river to a whiter house and a grander home, he bowed in submission and cried out, "Not my will, but thy

¹ President Harrison.

will, O Father, be done." His life has been clean, and his character has been above reproach ; God bless him !

I am not a pessimist, I am not an alarmist, I am not ready to cry that our country is going to the devil, because an infidel in one place thunders forth against our glorious old Bible, or because a bishop in another place hurls his anathemas against our public schools. This is not the first time that dogs have barked at the moon. Let them bark, the moon will shine on as brightly as ever. The magnanimity of the North toward the once rebellious but defeated South, proves beyond a doubt, that the spirit of him who said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," is here. The words of the immortal Lincoln have burned their way into the hearts of the people : "With malice toward none ; with charity to all."

This is not only a Christian nation, but it will remain so, in spite of Ingersoll and the Russian Nihilists. It is barricaded and buttressed with God's truths, with Christian teachings. The Bible is its *Magna Charta*, and through the influence of this God-given book we shall see, not a solid North against a solid South, or a solid South against a solid North, but a solid United States of America,

cemented together, from north to south and from east to west, with truth, honor, justice, mercy, peace, and prosperity.

We have nothing to fear from infidelity. Its voice is not very loud, and when we think of infidelity in other countries, its face is not very brazen. Some say that our rights, our churches, and our schools are in danger from Catholicism. Catholicism, all the world over, has been losing ground, and its progress here is to be measured by population and emigration. In the early centuries it wielded a tremendous power. A Protestant emperor rules to-day over Germany. In Rome, we have Baptist, Methodist, and Episcopal churches. In Japan, we have the Bible in the schools. We need not fear in this direction; still it behooves us to keep our eyes wide open. Assaults upon our public school system are numerous but they are unwise, and they will prove ineffectual. Free education is one of the very foundation stones of our republic, and cannot be separated from our freedom. Education cannot be made sectarian, and if any church is determined to build schools for the education of its own children, it should pay for them, and pay also for the support of our public schools. All this agitation will soon be over, for it is unreasonable; it would

be just as well for them to ask for a change in our form of government. We say to these foreign innovators: "Hands off from our Stars and Stripes, or in God's name we will stripe you until you see the stars"—that is, by our votes and by our prayers.

One of our great dangers lies in the direction of pride and self-confidence. Our free government, our vast resources, our noble institutions, and our untrammelled churches have a tendency to create pride, selfishness, and conceit. The church, to a very great extent has left its true path. It flirts with the world. The type of piety now is too effeminate. We must remember Him who deposited coal in our mountains, iron, silver, and gold in our hills, who filled the crevices of the rocks beneath with oil, and smiled on our valleys. Let us thank him that the strength of our government is not in the Capitol at Washington, not in our armies, not in our fortifications, not in our navy—we have all these; but our government does not rest on them for its stability, but on intelligent, true, loyal, Christian people. People whose hearts are larger than their country; people, whose aims are not confined to self; people, who see in the weak their brother and in the unfortunate their neighbor; people, who are not blinded by prejudices arising

from language or nationality ; people, whose love of truth is supreme : these constitute the strength of our government. The best fortifications are the loyal hearts of the people ; the best bulwarks are the pure motives of the inhabitants ; and the best fortresses are minds permeated with loyalty, integrity, righteousness, and above all, Christlikeness.

What constitutes a State ?
Not high battlements
Or labored mounds,
Thick wall or moated gate,
Not cities proud with spheres
And turrets crowned.
No ! men, high-minded men,
Men, who their duties know ;
And know their rights,
And knowing, dare maintain :
These constitute a State.

Our lines have fallen to us in pleasant places and we have a goodly heritage. O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, and he has done marvelous things for us ; and as the dew and rain and air and soil reveal themselves in the spring and summer, in bud, in blossom, and in fruit, so may the goodness of God be revealed in our lives of self-sacrifice and deeds of love and labors of faith.

Above all, let us thank God for the unspeakable gift of his Son, for this contains all.

“WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?”¹

“Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves? And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.” Luke 10 : 36, 37.

CHRIST did not speak in parables so that the people might better understand him. Even his own disciples, his intimate friends, could not comprehend the hidden meaning of his parables. They were spoken sometimes to arrest the attention of the people, at other times to stir up the minds of the disciples, and in a few instances to present an old and familiar truth in a new way. It was the work of the apostles to explain the parables of the Great Teacher. This parable, that of the Good Samaritan, teaches an old truth in a new light. Here we have a vivid picture of society as we too often find it. We see here a man in distress—nothing new; a priest without compassion—nothing

¹ Sermon preached in the First Baptist Church, Franklin, by Frederick Evans, D. D., and published by request.

new; a Levite with no mercy—nothing new; and a Samaritan with his heart like David's cup, running over with love to a Jew in distress—something new. In the answer of Jesus to the question put to him by the lawyer, we find that it is easier to read a commandment than to obey it; indeed it is far easier to preach than to practise, and I do not confine this kind of preaching to the pulpit. With love in the heart, obedience is sure to discover itself in the life. True love begins with God, and reaches every man and looks upon all in distress as neighbors. With some it is easier to love God than to love their next door neighbor. They may profess to love God, and squander their love upon themselves; but it is an easy thing to find out whether they love their neighbors, for love on the earth must make itself manifest. When we see a person in distress, and say from a compassionate heart, "poor fellow," nationality, language, rank, and character are laid aside. This man who had fallen among thieves was a Jew, the priest had plenty of time at his disposal, he was commanded to help even an ass in distress; the Levite thanked God that he was not in such a condition as the unfortunate traveler; and they passed on, and that on the other side, and the man would have died from

his wounds had not a stranger taken compassion upon him. Not to help in such an instance is to help the thieves ; not to help those in trouble is to increase their trouble. A great deal of profession with no true action, as we see in the conduct of the priest and the Levite, is sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. From these words which we have taken as our text, let us learn a few practical lessons.

I. THE RELATIONSHIP WHICH EXISTS BETWEEN US,
AS MEMBERS OF THE HUMAN FAMILY.

God's worlds are so many links in the great chain, and one link is connected with the other. The inanimate is connected with the animate, the vegetable with the animal, the animal with the human, and the human with the Divine. I am far from believing that we have descended from monkeys, as is declared in the "gospel of dirt" ; still we are relatives, perhaps cousins. Society cannot go on without recognizing this interdependence. It is seen in the rock, figured forth in the bud, illustrated in the flower, preached in the fruit, and demonstrated in every atom of the vast universe of which we are only particles. Not one atom exists for itself and alone, but exerts an influence on,

or is influenced by, every other atom. The waves of the sea, the sand on the seashore, the earth with its million types of life, preach this truth. The lily belongs to the sun, and the thistle is a relative of the moon. It is true that the family likeness is not always very striking. As we look into the face of the rose and the rough countenance of the bramble, as we listen to the plaintive but beautiful song of the nightingale, and give ear to the voice of ravenous beasts that make night hideous, we are conscious of diversity; still the connecting links are clear and distinct. We are so constituted, and so placed in society, that we cannot speak or act, live or move, without producing an influence which will turn out for weal or woe. Children suffer for the misdeeds of their parents. Parents have eaten sour grapes, and their children's teeth are set on edge. Let the present generation squander the life of the body, let it waste the vitality of its constitution, and the rising generation will be weak and feeble. There will be no vigor of body to spur the mind. One of the hardest things we know of is to make an empty bag stand upright, and skin with nothing in it is very similar. The child cannot be blamed for his weak constitution; perhaps the parents should not

be condemned ; but to the eye of the Omniscient One there was a point when some one transgressed the laws of health and treated with contempt the regulations of nature, and this transgression, in its penalty, has run down to posterity.

What is true of the physical is also true of the mental. The mind is punished when the body is abused. As consumption is to a great extent hereditary, so also is the power of mind, and what is true of the mental is also true of the moral. David said, " Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." Some are born liars and thieves, and many are born thirsty, and God will be more compassionate in dealing with these, than men are. People who have received sound bodies and sound minds, a healthy moral nature, and a legacy of industry and honesty, ought to be good ; but those who were born in the dens of thieves, in homes of crime, who breathe an atmosphere made poisonous with profanity, who have inherited weaknesses that are assertive, oh, have pity on them ; at all events be very sparing in your condemnation. They fell among thieves, and they were sorely wounded by them. Give greater credit to some for one noble deed than to others for a whole lifetime of high morality. Bad men are not always

the worst men at heart. Is a boy who has been brought up in a religious family to have as much credit for his kind words and good actions as the boy who has been born and brought up in the filthy slums and corrupt lanes of our large cities? A boy's life to a very great extent is made up out of the materials with which he has been surrounded. Take the surroundings into consideration. The influence of our lives flows from us unconsciously. The breathings of love go from us as fragrance from a flower, and the breathings of hatred go forth in the same way. A nod, a word, a sigh, a groan, a prayer, a curse, a wish, a song, all leave us and with rapid flight they go, some as the missionaries of Satan, cursing and blighting as they go, and others like messengers of love, benefiting and blessing every human being they touch.

In a panic all suffer, the poorest as well as the richest, and the hired man as well as the employer. The panic that took place in Eden was brought about by a woman who, in the character of a speculator, bought some stocks from the first speculator, whose name was Satan, and man was not slow to endorse the action of the woman; the stocks were found to be utterly worthless, but they gave for these worthless forgeries, truth, honor, holiness, and

loyalty, and this transaction of theirs plunged the world into bankruptcy. Every one of us helps to make the world either richer or poorer. Speak a word and this causes vibrations in the air, and these produce sound, and these sounds travel until they become to mortal ears inaudible, but even then they are audible to angels and to God. Be careful of your words and deeds. Remember that we are neighbors.

II. THE DUTIES WHICH ARISE FROM THIS RELATIONSHIP.

1. *To Protect.* What does a fair garden amount to without a strong fence around it? The beauty of the rose, the loveliness of the lily, and the fruitfulness of the vine, are all exposed to depredation. Many a fair life have we seen, that opened with every promise of future usefulness and purity, desolated by powerful foes. For the want of an ounce of sympathy, tons of precious life have been wasted; for the want of a handful of protection, acres of rich soil have run wild. Burns, with all his shortcomings, had a heart, which proved a haven to many in a storm. It gave me pleasure to read an article the other day, by an eminent divine, in which he proved that Burns was not, as some have

represented him, an infidel. So full was he of sympathy that Lowell describes a man reading his works in these words :

And when he read, they forward leaned,
Drinking with thirsty hearts and ears
His brooklike songs, whose glory never wean'd
From humble smiles and tears ;
Slowly there grew a tenderer awe,
Sunlike o'er faces brown and hard,
As if in him who read they felt and saw
Some presence of the bard.
It was a sight for sin and wrong
And slavish tyranny to see,
A sight to make our faith more pure and strong
In high humanity.

Every man should be a fence-builder, the great work of life is done by individuals, not by crowds. It takes but a few moments to name our mighty rivers, which are white with the canvas of commerce, and are furrowed by mighty steamers, but they receive their magnitude and majesty from the thousand rippling streams that glide among the hills and reach the valleys. My neighbor's comfort has something to do with me. The good Samaritan saw in the man that fell among the thieves a life that needed protection. Do you know of

any one that suffers from the tyranny of a despot? He is your neighbor, and demands from you protection.

Perhaps you are ready to ask the question, "And who is my neighbor?" Your neighbor lives next door to you, and in every house as far as your love can reach; your neighbor in many instances has no house to dwell in, and has for a pillow a stone; he lives in Africa if your love is able to reach there. It is wonderful how zealous some people are for the welfare of the far distant heathen in Asia and Africa, but are slow in helping the white heathen at their own doors. No man has any right to live at ease and undisturbed, if his neighbor is pinched and trodden upon by adverse circumstances; no one has any right to appear in broadcloth, silk, and satin, if there are some near who cannot find enough of calico and canvas to cover them; no one has any right to stand before a wardrobe and be greatly puzzled as to which suit to put on, if there live, near or far, some who have no shoes to wear, no decent hat or bonnet in their possession, and whose children are unable to attend Sunday-school because of their rags. Have I not a right to dress as I please? No. Not if poverty in my neighbor stare me in the face, not unless I have blessed the

needy. Is the unfortunate my neighbor? He is, and one of my duties is to protect him. The crumbs which fell from the rich man's table for the dogs and not for the poor neighbors, became the soul of his sufferings. The weak in the church, and the poor in Zion are there to be strengthened and comforted, clothed and fed by those who are rich in this world's goods, for in Christ the rich and the poor are one. In him we all meet as one body. There is a bond that unites us.

2. *To help.* To defend is not enough; you must help the feeble, and even the strong when he is fiercely attacked, to fight his battles and to win the victory. It is wonderful in how many ways we can help one another. The cobbler could not paint the picture, but he could tell the artist that the shoe latchet was not altogether right, and the artist thanked the cobbler for his suggestion, and his suggestion contributed toward the perfection of the painting. Philip was not able to explain the prophecies concerning the Messiah to Nathanael, but his "Come and see" led the Israelite to the Redeemer. In climbing, a little help is very important, and many to-night would be seen standing on Zion's hill had they only received some help from those who were in a position to give it. How

many would have gained an entrance into the heavenly city, with palms in their hands, had only some one earnest soul wrestled with God on their behalf! Some people seem to think that the best way to help the weak is to show them as little sympathy as they can. They exclaim with majestic indifference, "Let them fight their own battles." That is, let them go to destruction if they cannot fight the enemy, let them perish if they cannot conquer the foe, let them be despoiled by the devil if they cannot resist him. Gold is too soft for currency, therefore a harder metal must be mixed up with it. A little severity mixed up with a great deal of sympathy is good, but brass is a poor thing to bless with.

A young girl is wronged, and then she is treated slightingly; at last, when she is at the point of death, a good Samaritan finds her, feeble and ready to perish.

Oh, the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun !

The good friend takes her to her home, she becomes more cheerful, and everything goes on well, until some miserable old gossip whispers, "Do you know who she is? Don't you remember reading in the

paper about a dreadful affair that happened in such and such a place?" To God there is only one unpardonable sin, but to men and women many. Many will knock you down, and then kick you for not standing up. Cannibals are more numerous than we think them to be.

There are hundreds in this world who fly like vultures to feed on a tradesman or a merchant, as soon as he gets into trouble. There is a certain kind of sympathy which makes one think of the burial service of a fox over a dead chicken. How true it is that,

In times of prosperity,
Friends will be plenty ;
In times of adversity,
Not one in twenty.

When a man's coat is threadbare, it is an easy thing to pick holes in it. When a man is down, it is easy to laugh at him. We want men, true men, sun-crowned men, men of generous sympathies, good Samaritans ; for so many of our neighbors have fallen among thieves, and are weak and helpless. Let elbow touch elbow, and shoulder touch shoulder, and heart touch heart, till life glow with heaven's glory. Help the feeble and protect the weak, he is thy neighbor.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE¹

I. IN ITS GROWTH

CEDAR, lily, vine, temple, salt, light, babe. 1 Cor. 3 : 1-3 ; 1 Peter 2 : 2 ; Matt. 18 : 3.

It is a glorious thing to be a babe. How the mother delights in the babe ; but tell that mother that the child which gives her so much joy is to remain a babe, and what sadness would fill her heart. Spiritual babies, fed with a spoon, not able to partake of the strong meat are not uncommon. All the troubles come from babies in the church. We who are strong must bear with the weak. There is nothing in the man but what was in the boy. Acorn—nothing in the oak but was in it. The oak is only the acorn developed. Nothing new in heaven. Bear fruit—that your fruit may remain. Meaning? The fruit multiplies itself.

II. IT IS A GROWTH TOWARD PERFECTION.

Read 1 Cor. 13 : 11 ; Col. 2 : 19 ; 2 Peter 1 : 5, 6. Can a person be entirely sanctified? Yes and no. In regeneration he is entirely separated from the flesh, world, etc. Separation is sanctification. "I

¹ Abstract of the last address that Dr. Evans delivered as pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

sanctify myself," said Christ. Some take stagnation instead of perfection. Rev. 3 : 17. Sinless perfection is not attainable here. Phil. 3 : 12-15. Ideal always high. The engraving on the top of the copy. Never will equal that, but nothing less perfect will do. Christlike. Aim higher than the mark in archery, because of the power of the law of gravitation. Ferry boats to-day steered higher than the place we were going to, because of the current. Heb. 12 : 1, 2. Matt. 5 : 48. The Christian's heart will grow in love, mind in knowledge, soul in holiness. Growth in holiness in heaven.

III. HOW TO ACQUIRE THIS GROWTH?

Our duty to grow. Not so physically. Some would have grown more. "Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." Therefore leaving. Read Heb. 6 : 1.

1. What are the A, B, C of the Christian life?

(1) *Repentance from dead works.* Works when man was dead. Once enough.

(2) *Faith.* Not constant trust in God is meant here, but the faith which comes before conversion. Doubt not your conversion. A man ought to finish with his own salvation. Why bother eternally about the babe?

(3) *Doctrine of baptisms.* Baptism of John, of Jesus, of the Spirit (?)

(4) *Laying on of hands.*

(5) *Resurrection from the dead.* New doctrine in the way it was put then.

(6) *Judgment of the ages.* No judgment for the believer. *Judgment seat*—tribunal. No condemnation.

These are foundations. And a foundation is only to be laid once.

He does not tell them to forget them, but to use them as the mathematician uses the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, or the scholar the A, B, C. A man that will eternally abide with the foundation will never build, and a boy that will forever remain with the A, B, C, will never grow as a scholar, and a Christian that will spend all his time with the first principles of his faith will never make progress.

OUR JUBILEE MARCH

(Composed for the semi-centennial of the Tenth Baptist Church, Phila)

Fifty years of care and goodness,
 Fifty years of joy and sadness,
 Fifty years of gloom and gladness
 Swell our hearts to-night.

For they speak of wondrous leadings,
Of the times of great rejoicings
And the days of heavenly musings
 With the true and right.
 Lift your voice, ye scholar,
 And rejoice, ye teacher ;
Let the sound go all around,
And let us shout together ;
Sing aloud and swell the chorus ;
Praise the name of him who guides us
By his wisdom, great and wondrous,
 Blessed be his name.

We are now the happy reapers,
But shall ne'er forget the sowers ;
No ! we'll praise the noble toilers
 Faithful in their day.
God be thanked for sainted Kennard,
Jewell, English, Griffee, Mulford,
Shaw, Heyl, Wilson, Suplee, Stoddard,
 Mighty host were they.
 Stevens, Bains, and Garner,
 Harley, Rowland, Siner,
Bains, the son who followed on,
And Troth our present leader.
Heaven's smiles be on our Jubilee !
May our school be strong and mighty,
Guard us, Lord, by truth and mercy,
 Till our journey's end.

Thanks to thee, our Heavenly Father,
For our coming now together ;

May our future days be better
 For this Jubilee.
 'Tis the time of recognition,
 And the day of salutation ;
 Grant us, Lord, thy benediction
 On this Jubilee.
 Keep our hearts together ;
 Make us all the firmer
 In thy work while on the earth,
 That we may sing forever .
 In that world of joy and gladness,
 With thy host above all sadness,
 Of thy precious loving kindness.
 All the praise be thine.

THE VISION OF FAITH

(Translation of a poem written in Welsh by Dr. Evans)

O raise thy head, thou sad one,
 The sun is in the sky,
 Although thick clouds conceal it
 From thy foreboding eye.
 O be not downcast nor repine,
 Above the clouds the light doth shine.
 O raise thy head, beholding
 With Faith's own vision bright
 Thy Father's beauteous dwelling,
 The home of love and light.
 The mists of sin arise from earth,
 But grace and peace heavenly birth.

O raise thy head ; above thee
Thy Elder Brother reigns ;
One smile from him repays thee
For all thy toils and pains,
It makes the wilderness bloom bright,
And floods the Shadowy Vale with light.

O raise thy head ; what glory
Awaits thee, tho' thou hast
Enough on earth to daunt thee
In spite of conquests passed.
Still trials numberless assail,
And many cherished hopes will fail.

O raise thy head in triumph ;
The bitter shall be sweet,
And mourning change to gladness
When Salem's hills ye greet.
Sad notes enhance the sweet refrain,
And angels pause to hear thy strain.

O raise thy head in gladness,
And laugh thy woe away.
For after storm comes sunshine
And glad, refulgent day.

“ Rest after toil, peacé after strife,”
Earth's thorns, then heaven's crown of life !

XVI

IN MEMORIAM—PRIZE POEM

Testyn, Eisteddfod, Milwaukee, 1899

THE
WELSH SOCIETY
 Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

December 6th, 1897.

At a regular stated meeting of the Society held on the above date the following MEMORIAL was unanimously adopted.

THE REV. **Frederick Evans, D.D.**

(Eulogized.)

was born in Wales, April 21st 1846, and departed this life July 21st, 1897.

Being endowed by nature with a fine physical appearance and most abundant powers of a high order, Dr. Evans was a noble representative of true manhood.

He was a man of fine sentiments, large heart, broad culture, ripe scholarship and rare ability.

His ready wit, poetical genius, literary attainments and his enthusiastic spirit, endeared him to his nation, and won for him a memory that will be always cherished with fondness and pride.

As preacher and lecturer he was famous; his thrilling denunciations were in us heavier to tears and anguish.

As Conductor of *Llsteddsfodan* he had no superior.

Prompted in all things by a pure motive he was a power of strength in society. In his death society lost a good and valuable man, the American people a preacher of extraordinary power, and *The Welsh People* an illustrious son and one of immortal memory.

For many years he was a most judicious and active member of our Society. Therefore Resolved, That this Memorial be entered on the records of our Society as a tribute to his memory and that a copy of the same be engrossed and presented to the family.

Committee.

Rev. C. P. Jones, D.D.

Rev. J. H. Jones, M.A.

William T. Davies



Charles H. Capron, President.

Jay's Jones, Vice President.

William Lloyd, Treasurer.

Harriet C. Jones, Secretary.

XVI

AN EXPLANATORY WORD



THE Welsh people of this country offered a prize of fifty dollars for the best ode to the memory of the late Dr. Frederick Evans, to be competed for in the Milwaukee Eisteddfod, held in Pabst's Theatre on New Year's Day, 1899. About thirty productions were sent

in, several of them possessing a very high degree of merit. The one which won the prize, and which is given in this chapter, was pronounced to be decidedly the best. It is said by competent judges to be equal to anything of the sort in the language. We are only sorry that the English reader is not privileged to enter through the resplendent gates of poetic genius which lead into this delightful little *parterre* of beauty and fragrance. It was discovered that this could not be done ; at least that

it could not be so done as to preserve the finer qualities of the poem. When Christmas Evans preached in broken English before the renowned Robert Hall he called him a gentleman in rags. The author of this memorial ode prefers being a real gentleman in his native attire than lay himself open to the possible characterization given to his illustrious countryman.

B. D. T.

PRYDDEST GOFFADWRIAETHOL IR
DIWEDAR BARCH FREDER-
ICK EVANS (EDNYFED)

BEIRNIAD : JUDGE EDWARDS

Yr oedd yr haul tuhwnt ir bryniau'n codi,
A'i belydr fel afonydd o oleuni
Rhyngom a'r nef; yr oed un afon hir
Yn dôd hyd attaf ar y dyfnder clir
Oddiwrth yr haul, yn heol o ddysgleirdeb
Fel heol gweddi tua thragwyddoldeb;
Y mor a ymagorai ger fy mron,
A llithrai yr ager-long dros y don,
Fel breuddwyd esmwyth, i'w dwyreiniol hynt,
Ai hwyliâu, fel angelion yn y gwynt
Yn cludo'm cyfaill pur yn ol i'w wlad,
Yn ol i farw—i farw yn nhy ei dâd.

Ednyfed hoff! fel hyn y ciliaist ti
Om golwg byth; edrychais dros y lli'

Yn hir, yn hir, ar ol i ni ffarwelio,
 Yn methu symud cam, yn methu wylo !
 'Raed llawer fel fy hunan ar y lan,
 O hiraeth dwys, yn methu troi o'r fan,
 Ond syllu yn freuddwydiol lle *ddiwedaf*
 Y gwelsom ni y llong yn hwylio'n araf
 Fel cwmwl yn y pellder ; Ah pe gallem
 Glywed caionau'n siarad, sicr y clyweim
 Weddiâu dyfnaf serch y boreu lwnw,
 Ar edyn hiraeth gyda swm y llanw,
 Yn myn'd i'r nef, i guro fry, wrth ddôr
 Yr Hwn dawlodd gri y gwynt ar môr
 Ar donan Galili—am iddo roi
 Ei air i'r eigion enfawr, gan ei gloi
 Mewn dwfn dawlwech, i gludo'm brawd i'w wlad
 Yn ôl i farw ; i farw yn nhy ei dad !

Ah ! nid aes neb yn gwybod faint ei gariad
 Cyn *colli* rhywun, yna ceir mynegiad
 O wagder annigonol, nad oes neb
 I'w lanw mwy ; mae troi ir fynwent wleb
 Yn felus weithian i ryddhan y galon,
 Sydd bron a thori gan riddfanan creulon,
 I wyloi gofid dan ganghenau'r yw
 Ac yno gyda'r marw, *adgofio'r byw* !

Adgofio'r byw ! mae'n felus rhwng y beddau
 Adgofio am Ednyfed ; cofio ei eiriau
 Ei eiriau olaf, pan yn ymwahanu
 A chofio'i wên hawddgaraf, wrth ddiflanu

Fel enfys yn y pellder ; ofnem yno
 Y cyfaill anwyl, na chaem gwrrddydd etto,
 'Roedd rhywbeth diceithr yn ein hymadawiad
 Dwysach nag arfer ; yr oedd ymddangosiad
 Y llong i mi fel angel-long yn cludo
 Rhyw ysbryd anwyl wedi ei berffeithio
 Yn ol i'w wlad,—yn ol i'w wlad i *fyw*
 I'r hafan ddedwydd, at ei fam a'i Dduw !

Yn ol i fyw ! yr oedd y daith ar ddarfod
 A'r gwenith aeddfed i'r cynaua'n barod,
 Gweddïai am y nos fel gwr blinedig,
 Ac am y Sabbath tawel, gwynfydedig,
 Yn nghartref Duw ; a rhoi ei hun i orwedd
 Ar fron yr hwn sy'n carn hyd y di wedd,

Adgofio'r byw ! mor felus oedd i mi
 Wrth droi yn ol yn unig, alw i'm côf
 Yr oriau diddig gynt, pan oedd efe
 Yn llanc gobeithiol ar yr aelwyd glyd,
 Ar tâd a'r fam, a'r plant, yn canu yn nghyd,
 Ac angel cariad fel yn cadw drws
 Y cartref anwyl ; cofio am ei wedd
 Yn dechren traethu cenadwri'r groes,
 Ac am yr oriau dedwydd gyda'r wers
 Wrth draed yr Athraw¹ duwiol, fu yn dad
 I lawer proffwyd grymus, sy'n taranu
 Am Iachawdwriaeth yn mhwlpu dau Cymru.

Mor felus eilwaith ydyw cofio dyddiau
 Ei weinidogaeth gyntaf, rhwng mynyddau

¹ Dr. Thomas Pontypool.

Brycheiniog uchel, lle y mae yr Wysg
 Yn llifio mewn tangnefedd, heibio rhwysg
 Y rhaidr sydd yn dysgyu o'r clogwyni,
 A'i swm fel taran yn y niwl yn tori ;
 Dyma y manau fu yn dysgu iddo
 Am y dirgelion dwyfol sy'n ymguddio
 Yn awen bardd ; dyma y geirwon lwybrau
 Fu at y ffynon yn ei arwain yntau,
 At ffynon Ysbrydoliaeth, sydd yn rhoddi
 Awen y bardd i'r hwn a yf o honi !

Ond er mor hoff oedd ef o gadarnfeydd
 Y dyffryn hardd, rhy gul i'w ysbryd ef
 Ydoedd ei anwyl wlad, a llais or nef
 A'i galwai i eangach golygfeydd.

A bys Rhagluniaeth yn ei arwain ydoedd,
 At gwrs yr haul farchogai ar y nefoedd,
 Tua'r Gorllewin mawr, ac yntau roddodd
 Ei ffarwel i'r mynyddau, a dilynodd
 Yr haul machludol tua'r newydd fyd ;
 Ac ar ei ol hiraethai'r wlad i gyd,

Yma y treuliodd ef ei oes a'i nerth
 Yn ngweinidogaeth Jesu, ac yn nghyd
 A'i briod gymhwys (bendith fwya'r byd)
 Bu'n byw'r efengyl yn ei gwir, ai gwerth.

Fel plentyn yn ei deulu gyda'i blant,
 Bu'n cario heulwen ar ei ruddiau clir ;
 Nid sobrywdd Pharisai, na "gwyneb hir"
 A gariai ef, eithr bywyd llawen sant.

Nid ydym ni yn caru cofio am
 Ein cyfaill *fel y mae*, yn llwch y bedd,
 Gwell genym ni ei gofio, pan oedd gwedd
 Bywiogrwydd yn ei lygaid fel dwy fflam !

O ! fel y safu ger fy mron yn awr,
 A'i wallt modrwyog fel cymylau'r nos
 Oddiar ei dalcen, a dwy seren dlos
 Yn edrych arnaf yn fy hiraeth mawr.

A'r gwyneb glan, gobcibhlawn, sydd i mi
 Fel angel bendith ger fy mron o hyd,
 Ac enfys serch yn gwenu drosto i gyd,
 Yn dweyd am galon yn fy ngharu i.

Nis gall y galon gadw dim yn nghudd,
 Mae ar y wyneb yn dabblygn ei hun,
 A digamsyniol mae yn tynu llun
 Ei holl ddirgelion dyfnaf, ar y rudd.

O wyneb anwyl ! gwyneb rhydd o frâd,
 A chalon gywir, cadarn fel y dur
 Yn bur i'w gwaelod fel y ffynon bur
 Sy'n tarddu draw yn ymyl ty ei dad.

Ac fel y ffynon hon, ei fywyd ef
 A lifodd allan rhwng mynyddau clyd
 Ei gartref syml, yn mlaen i f'or y byd,
 Drwy ddolydd tawel, ac aml i dymestl gref.

Nid da esmwythyd cyflawn ar y daith ;
 Mud yw'r telynau os na ddaw y gwynt
 Ystormus heibio ar gwynfanus hynt
 I ddeffro'r tannau, a'u melodedd maith.

O ! deulu dedwydd ; dyled fwyaf oes
 Yw'r addysg dduwiol ar yr aelwyd gaed,
 A gofal mam fu yn cyfeirio'n traed
 I lwybrau rhinwedd ; llwybrau serth y groes.

Fam anrhydedus ! cafodd hi y fraint
 O gychwyn teulu cyfan tua'r nef,
 A Duw a alwodd i'w wasanaeth ef,
 Ei meibion dysglac, i hyfforddi'r saint.

Yn un o bump, yn traethn am y groes
 Bu'n brawd anwylaf, ac ar hyd y daith
 Bu'n wresog yn yr ysbryd yn ei waith,
 A'r Jesu'n benaf yn ei bwnc, a'i oes !

Yn Gristion a boneddwr bu efe,—
 Sefydlog yn ei gariad fel y dur
 Ac nid oed congl o fewn ei galon bur,
 I awgrym o fradwriaeth wneyd ei le.

Yr oed llawenydd byth yn mynu dod,
 Yn ei gymdeithas felus i bob lle,
 Fel y mae pur ddefnyddau gwllith y ne',
 Ar ddail y rhosyn glan yn mynu bod.

Ai eiriau ffraeth ddyferent fel y balm,
 Ar galon tristwch yn ei gwmni ef,
 A medrodd myrdd o dan ei bregeth gref,
 I droi en galar yn nefolaidd salm.

Ar lwyfan yr Eisteddfod cofiwn ef
 A'r dorf yn gwenu ac wylo yr un pryd,
 Fel y mae'r haul a'r 'storm yn cwrdd ynghyd,
 O fewn yr enfys ar gymylau'r nef.

Roedd ysbryd Jesu yn ei galon ef
 I gynorthwyo y syrthiedig gwan,
 Ac fel ei Athraw cododd lu ir lan,
 A chydymdeimlad ei ddeheulaw gref.

Bu natur yn ei feithrin ddechreu'i fyd
 Ei bronan pur roesiddo'n moreu'i oes
 Ac fel yn "blentyn natur" yntau roes,
 Ei chalon iddi hithau'n serch i gyd.

Ac iddo yr oedd bryniau Myrddin hir
 Fel gerddi cariad ;—ai dyffrynoedd heirdd
 Yn demlau tawel i delynau'r beirdd
 Syd etto'n canu, ar lanau'r Dywi glir.

Naturiol iddo ef oed marw yn mhlith
 Y golygfeydd a garai'r dyddian gynt,
 Fel eryr wedi ei glwyfo, gyda'r gwynt
 Yn dod yn ol i farw yn ei nyth.

Yn ol i farw ! yn hir bu'n "oedi'n nychlyd"
 Ar lan y mor, yn swm y tonau trymllyd
 Yn dysgwyl am y llong ! Yr oedd adgofion
 Y boreu gynt yn dyfod fel ysbrydion
 Ger bron ei wely, a myfyrdodan byw
 Fel mêl-ddefnynau o gostrelau Duw
 Yn dysgyn ar ei fron ; gwyddai fod llawer
 I weddi 'n hedeg ar adenydd hyder
 Am nerth i'w ddal yn mreichiau cryfion cariad,
 Ai ffydd yn Nuw hyd awr yr ymddatodiad !

Yn amyneddgar hu yn llesg, a gwan,
 Yn ngofal ei anwyliaid ar y lan,

Yn dysgwyl am ryddhad, ac am y boreu
Gael myned dllan i eangder goleu
Y mor sy'n cludo angel-longau'r byd,
Draw i dawelwch pell y cartref clyd.

Ust ! fron glwyfedig ! gâd i'm wrando yn awr
Ar ysbryd yn rhyddhau o'i gystudd mawr
Yn canu'n iach i adfyd, ac yn croesi
Heibio i gysgod angau i'r golenni
Ei law estynai allan fel i gydio
Mewn anweledig law estynai atto
I'w godi o'r tywyllwch ; tybiem weled
Rhyw ffurf ardderchog ar y don yn cerded
A thybiem glywed canu yn y pellder
Y gan a genir wedi i ddagrau a phryder
Fyn'd heibio byth, efallei cân ei frodyr
Ai fam a'i chwaer yn gwylio fel croesawyr
Ar draethau'r wlad, ac at ei delyn lân
Mae'n esgyn adref ar adenydd cân.

DE PUGH GRIFFITHS.

